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EDITOR'S NOTICE.

WHEN you see this item marked with an X, in blue or black pencil mark across its face you will know that your subscription is due, or past due. Your name will be found printed on each copy of the PRESS, as you receive it and gives the last date to which you have paid. Our terms are $2.00 if not paid in advance, $1.50 in advance. Many, very many, of our patrons allow their subscriptions to run year after year. This we are unable to stand—it is not right, fair nor honorable between man and man. We shall proceed, after this issue, to put to work the pruning hook and should you fail to receive the PRESS after this date you will know the reason. Pin this in your hat. It requires money to purchase paper and pay employes and we must insist upon the payment of subscriptions due us.

COURT NOTICE.

NOTICE OF CHANGE IN THE TIME FOR holding the several Courts of Cameron County.

And now, to-wit: Dec. 13th, 1898, it is ordered that hereafter the regular terms of the several Courts of Cameron County shall be held on the fourth Monday of April and the fourth Monday of October in each and every year.

By the Court,
C. A. MAYER, P. J.

Prothonotary's Office, Emporium, Pa., Dec. 19th, 1898. 43-3t

Its An Elephant on Your Hands

When you serve a big Christmas Dinner if you don't take advantage of all the help we offer.

Don't worry about the soup; Armour's White Label, or Campbell's Condensed Soup, in cans, cannot be excelled by the most experienced chef.

Don't make the mince meat. Our home-made article will please you.

Don't bother about the salid dressing; we sell Durkee's, which suits the most fastidious taste.

Don't make the plum pudding, when you can buy Richardson & Robbins' ready-made at our store.

Don't fail to come to Our Store and see all the Good Things and leave your Christmas order.

DAY'S

R. C. DODSON,
—THE—
Druggist,
EMPORIUM, PA.

IS LOCATED IN THE CORNER STORE.
At Fourth and Chestnut Sts.,

UNCLE SAM'S ILLS.

Uncle Sam is interested in the bottle; says it isn't like the one he had corked up in Santiago bay, but when he has a pain that is Cever-a he can't wait to go to Santiago. At Christmas time people are susceptible to sudden pains. Why not prepare for such emergencies? We sell drugs of the best quality, nothing adulterated or of questionable strength.

Fatal Accident.

Last Saturday morning, Samuel Allen, a freight train brakeman, was killed near this place, by his head coming in contact with a bridge. His remains were brought to Emporium and prepared for shipment to his home at Lock Haven, by Undertaker LaBar.

Deceased was about 35 years of age and single. The funeral was held from the residence of his parents, last Monday. He is well spoken of by all who knew him.

A Beacon Light.

Like to the steady light which streams
Into the dark, across the restless wave,
Sending afar its welcome beams
The storm-tossed mariner to seek and save.

We wonder if the people of Emporium realize that night after night for the past two years, a steady beacon light is shining from the reading room which Mr. Josiah Howard has opened, and which he is gradually increasing its usefullness, without any flourishing of trumpets? But nevertheless it is so. Starting with a clean, convenient and comfortable room, he is continually adding to its well selected library of useful books, that are interesting and that are directing the minds of the young men in the right direction, to make them useful and successful men in life. Only last week Mr. Howard put in twenty-five volumns of Ridpath's International Library of Literature.

Some people in their philanthrophic work gropes uncertainly; some blunder; some waste their resources; philanthrophy overlaps, through the many independent agencies. Especially is this so in small towns.

In the industrial world we are witnessing a consolidation of business interest. Why wouldn't the same effort work advantageously for philanthropy? There can be no doubt of the good work that is possible to come from this reading room; it might be the means of keeping your boy from spending his evenings at the card table or in the fourteen hotels and saloons of our town; it might sow the seed or waken the ambition in your boy to prepare himself for life, so that he might become a Dewey or another Kitchener, thereby making this beacon light in Emporium shine around the world.

Tall oaks from little acorns grow, so as we show our appreciation of this good work, it is possible for great good to come to our town through this small beginning.

We would suggest that we make a Christmas present to the reading room by dropping our philanthropic pennies or dollars in the box which you will find in the room.

In the darkness, like a star
Of hope, I saw before me
A steady gleam which more and more
Threw its bright radiance o'er me.
—SHINE.

To the Churches.

The professed object of all churches is primarily to save souls; incidentially the elevation of man, morally, socially, intellectually. How best can this be done? The churches must get the people to come to them, or they must adopt the methods of the Salvation Army—go to them, open their meetings in the streets and slums, pick their subjects from the saloons and gutters, clean them, convice them, convert them. Can the churches expect to get the masses to come to their places of worship when they know that the expense of supporting the institution, if divided in accordance with the ability of each attendant, would be more than they could pay, to say nothing of the many charities to which the church is expected and in a sense obligated to contribute. But if this question did not influence could the church expect to get the masses from the streets, the saloons, the green meadows, the apple orchards, the vineyards, or even the snow clad hill-sides to sit with fifty or a hundred people to hear a sermon such as the smartest and most eloquent of preachers could deliver to empty pews.

Home Made sausage, mince meat, lard. Made to please.
DAY'S.

Hazing Abolished.

For some years past the faculty of the Pennsylvania State College have been taking measures to abolish hazing in that institution, but as they did not accomplish the task of entirely eliminating the brutal custom, they succeeded in preventing it to some extent, and the last effort made has apparently brought about good results.

Some weeks ago the proposition was made to the students of the institution, by the faculty, that the hazing question be brought before each of the classes in the college, and the sentiment of all the students in regard to the matter be shown by written resolutions; made by them agreeing to discontinue all hazing in the future and having these resolutions signed by each student in the college. The students accepted the proposition, met with their several classes and discussed the matter. This resulted in the resolutions being presented to the faculty of the college, signed by each and every student, thereby abolishing the inhuman custom in Pennsylvania State College and setting an example which it would be well for all our American colleges to follow.

Beautiful, Useful and Cheap.

People with little money to spare for Christmas presents should be sure to look over Mrs. Bardwell's stock before purchasing. Handkerchiefs, imported and domestic; handkerchiefs in infinite variety, from five cents up. Handkerchiefs usually sold at $1.00 for 50 cents; 50 cent ones for 25 cents. Ladies' stick pins, latest styles; babies' Elderdown coats and little fur sets, sofa pillows, pillow tops, Irish point table covers and Bureau covers, ladies' kid gloves and children's fur lined gloves and mittens, ladies' notions and fancy articles too numerous to mention. Everything at bottom prices. Everything useful; everything latest style and up to the times.

Remember the place; next door to Walker, Howard & Co.'s store, Fourth street, above Broad. 42-2t

Whose Paper Do You Read?

A striking example of how unpleasant for one to be obliged to lend their home newspaper was illustrated one day last week when one of our regular subscribers called and asked if we could not get Mrs.———family to subscribe for the Democrat. When asked her particular reason for this singular request she answered, that the family whose name we withold for reasons best known to ourselves, was continually borrowing their paper and at just the time when her husband could get the time to read it. It is a disagreeable thing to refuse a neighbor the loan of a home paper, and also very unpleasant to be bothered by selfish borrowing neighbors.—Coudersport Democrat.

Here's a Bit of Sound Advice.

Every workingman ought to belong to a fraternal order of some kind that pays life insurance. The unfortunate oil well worker whose career was cut short yesterday by the explosion of a boiler, leaves a wife and three children in destitute circmstances. If the man had belonged to an order of the kind referred to, the family would not be forced to endure the privations which confront them.—Bradford Era.

Holiday Excursion Rates.

The W. N. Y. & P. Ry. will sell excursion tickets to points on their line and return on Dec. 23, 24, 25, 26, 30 and 31st, 1898, and Jan 1, and 2, 1899, good for return to January, 3d, 1899. Call on agents for particulars.

Wanted.

Reliable and experienced salesmen to handle a good line of lubricating oils and greases on commission. Address

CLINTON OIL CO.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

For Sale.

Oil route, known as Emporium Oill Company. Inquire of

J. R. FETTER,
Emporium, Pa.

Installation and Banquet.

The officers of the Driftwood Lodge, No. 332, A. Y. M., were installed last evening by W. H. Howard, acting District Deputy Grand Master. Prominent members of the order from adjoining towns attended the installation, among those present from Emporium lodge were: W. H. Howard, Joseph J. Lingle, G. F. Balcom, J. H. Darrin, E. W. Gaskill, J. W. Kaye, H. H. Mullin, A. C. Blum, Jos. Kaye, G. S. Wiley, Geo. J. LaBar, U. A. Palmer. After the installation exercises an elegant banquet had been prepared by mine host Thos. J. Riley, at the Commercial Hotel, for the members and the invited guests. The tables were elaborately decorated for the occasion and the good things were eagerly devoured by the hungry good fellows surrounding the tables.

MENU.

Stewed Oysters, Raw Oysters,
Celery,
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce,
Fried Chicken, Cold Ham.
Pickles, Chicken Salad, Cold Slaw,
Olives, Malaga Grapes, Bananas, Oranges,
Ice Cream, Nuts,
Cake, Coffee.

After doing ample justice to the spread, Toast Master, P. M., Capt. C. F. Barclay, took charge of the program and called upon several members, who made appropriate remarks to the occasion. An hour was pleasantly passed and the several toasts were well received and heartily applauded. The Emporium delegation returned this morning, delighted with the hospitable treatment received from their Driftwood brethern, who never can do too much to make their friends feel at home.

Christmas at the Churches.

EMMANUEL CHURCH:

Christmas day, Sunday, Dec. 25, 10:30 a. m., morning prayer and Holy Communion. Please note the hour. 7:30 p. m., evening prayer; sermon: "Isaiah's Conception of God," the last of the series of the Old Testament conceptions of God.

The Sunday School festival and Christmas tree in the Church, on Saturday, at 5:00 p. m.

J. M. ROBERTSON, Rector.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Christmas will be observed at the Presbyterian church by a very interesting program on Saturday evening. An interesting part of the program will be the distribution of the gifts. It is expected that twelve or more fine bibles will be awarded for momorizing the shorter catechism.

On Sabbath morning a sermon appropriate to the occasion will be preached. The Christmas lesson will be studied in the Sunday School. A Christmas song service will be held on Sabbath evening. The music at all these services will be an attractive part of the program. All are welcome.

AT M. E. CHURCH.

The M. E. Sunday School Christmas services will be held on Sunday at 11:45 a m.

Holiday Rxcursion Rates Over the B. R. & P. Ry.

In accordance with the usual custom the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Railway will issue excursion tickets between all stations on its line, account Christmas and New Year's Holidays, at a fare and one-third for the round trip Tickets to be sold and good going on December 23, 24, 25, 26, 30 and 31, 1898, and January 1 and 2, 1899, limited for return passage until January 3rd, 1899. 42-2t.

Close Call.

John Montgomery, Sr., met with an accident on Tuesday, while working for Judge Wykoff on Jerry Run, that came near causing his death. He jumped away from a passing log but not in time to entirely escape from being struck. He is severely injured in the hips.

Moved.

Jos. Newton and family have moved to the Wiley property on West Allegany Avenue, where they will receive all those who are fortunate enough to have the pleasure of attending their silver wedding on Dec. 30, 1898.

Potatoes.

Large A No. 1 potatoes, in ten bushel lots 60c. per bushel. Less than ten bushel lots 65c. per bushel.
41-3t M. C. TULIS.

Notice.

To any person having an account at our store, please call and settle at once, as we are going to leave Emporium.
41-tf JOHN J. SOBLE.

Pressed Bricks.

Best Job Printing at the PRESS office.

Big variety of overcoats at N. Seger's. Prices away down.

For Holiday Goods, go to M. C. Tulis. 41-3t

Thousands of handsome handkerchiefs at N. Seger's for Xmas presents.

Baltimore shucked oysters, fresh every other day. DAY'S.

Go to Dodson's new store and get a holiday package of fine cigars for your hubby's Xmas.

A delegation of Emporium Masons attended the Masonic Banquet at Driftwood last night.

A line of elegant hair brushes at Dodson's new store. Just the thing for an Xmas gift.

Those handsome ties will be just the caper for Xmas presents. You can get them at N. Seger's.

R. C. Dodson, in his new store, has just received some very extra fine perfumes, for the holiday season.

James R. Keene says this country is $1,500,000,000 better off than four years ago. Carry the news to Santa Claus!

If you want holiday, birthday, every day presents, be sure you see our stock. DAY'S.

Russell & Niver are busy at work drilling well No. 5, located near well No. 1, in this place. Hope they may find the gas belt.

What's the matter with the people down the county? Get a move on, form a stock company and make a test for gas or oil. Wake up!

The little girl who is unusually wise in her day and generation said that she thought that stag parties ought to be called stagger parties.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe to take. Sold by L. Taggart. Dec

It is said a chemical test of the oil taken from the Gaines oil well shows the petroleum to be two per cent. purer than that taken from other fields.

It is regarded as certain that Grover Cleveland wants to play for position as a Presidential candidate again. He will keep the "interviewers" pretty busy for a time now.

Your boy will look nice in one of those handsome ready-made suits at N. Seger's. You will be astonished to learn how cheap you can purchase boys' clothing at Seger's.

The proper way to commence the New Year—send the editor of the PRESS a money order for $1 50 and read this live journal for 1899 and stop borrowing your neighbor's.

King Oil Company completed well No. 2, on C. R Kline's land near Rathbun, on Thursday last. From what we can learn there were traces of oil in the sands. Other wells will be drilled.

The elegant line of women's and children's winter wraps now being shown at the store of M. C. Tulis, should be seen by everyone in quest of stylish, well made garments, at very low prices. 41-3t

The indiscriminate use of powders and tablets for headache leads to bad results sometimes, and care should be used in their administration. A young woman of Pittsburg died last week from their use.

The removal of the ban by Rome against the burial of Masons and members of other secret orders in consecrated ground, is another victory for the liberal school of American Catholicism over the Italian influence which has hitherto controlled the Vatican.

The total number of guns captured from the Spaniards at Santiago, to be shipped north, is 131, varying from 1½ inches up to 8¼ inches in calibre. There are 88 6-inch bronze pieces, 3 steel guns and 42 cast iron guns. There are also 22,000 Mauser rifles and 10,000,000 cartridges.

The really and honestly independent Journal of Commerce says of our noble Republican President that "he has so carried himself as to enlarge the estimate entertained of him by his countrymen, and to insure him a prominent place among the most eminent American statesmen."

The Pennsylvania railroad has made a rule that hereafter no person will be employed as fireman who is over 24 years old. As new men are usually obliged to fire for three years or more before being competent to run an engine, their age is considered to be of some importance.

It is reported that plans are being made for a new passenger route from New York to the west. It will be a through line service and will be operated over the tracks of the Central railroad of New Jersey, the Philadelphia & Reading, the Beech Creek railroad, the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg, the Pittsburg & Western and the Lake Erie and Western railways.—Clinton Republican.

The editor of the Kane Republican soliloquises thusly: "We sometimes wish that those who set up such a howl about there being no news in the paper would take it upon themselves to hash up a column or so of local news each day for a week. We are of the opinion that they would cease to find so much fault and try and help make their local paper interesting by contributing an item now and then. The life of an editor is not strewn with roses as many seem to think.

Holiday Goods.

We ask careful buyers of Holiday Goods to call and examine our immense line of these new goods. In silver novelties, fine toilet cases, imported chinaware, dolls, toys and games we are offering a larger and better variety for less money than can be had elsewhere. Honest goods at Honest Prices
41-3t M. C. TULIS.

16 PAGES.

Our Lawn.

How little we think when we offer our help
Some other one's doorway to mind,
That if we'd but look we would find our own yard
Needs sweeping, the very worst kind.

But the weeds in the yard of our neighbors and friends
Look very much worse than our own;
So ours are neglected, with never a thought,
Till to fearful proportions they've grown.

We think we are doing a neighborly deed,
When the failings of others we tell,
Not thinking, of course, that others may see
In our lives, the same failings as well.

Let us see that our own yards are perfectly clean,
Ere those of our neighbors we view.
Let us dig our weeds and mend our own ways,
It will give us each plenty to do.

CALVIN T. MEREDITH.
Mead Run, Pa.
—*Ridgway Advocate.*

BRIEF MENTION.

Before buying your dolls, toys and games, be sure and call on M. C. Tulis. Largest stock and lowest price. 41-3t

Everything in readiness to serve you for Xmas. Promptness and satisfaction guaranteed. Store open until noon Monday. Leave your orders early.
DAY'S.

The Ridgway Manufacturing Co. has secured the contract to furnish the outfit and to erect the new excelsior works for Chas Kline & Co., at Beechwood.—St. Marys Gazette.

You'll want some of our "Royal" Java and Mocha coffee for your Xmas dinner. You ought to have it every dinner. Ask for sample.
DAY'S.

"Will you please insert this obitury notice," asked an old gentleman of an editor. "I made bold to ask it because the deceased had a great many friends about here who would be glad to hear of his death."

The Coudersport Enterprise in speaking of Joshua Simpkins Co., says: "They caught the people of this section once, but they will never do so again. The two comedians (?), who appeared in the concert, should have been "egged." A man must have a cast-iron nerve to appear before an audience as these men did and expect to get away alive." It does beat the rats what miserable barn-stormers inflict themselves upon this section of the country, under the guise of artists.

A postmaster who resides not more than a thousand miles from East Emporium, read the item in last week's PRESS, taking off the postoffice cranks. The P. M. had just finished reading the item when in came the lady he had in his mind while reading it. After endeavoring to satisfy the lady of the fact that he had no mail for her, he noticed she was getting ready for another attack, when he politely said: "Now, madame please sit down in that chair while I go into the cellar and look." She left, satisfied.

Religious.

Owing to the special meetings which are being held at North Creek, there will not be any service at Rich Valley, Sunday evening, Dec. 25.

Hardwood for Sale.

I have for sale one hundred cords of good dry hardwood, 14, 16 and 18 inches long. Delivered for $1.25 per cord.
42-2t. E. J. ROGERS.

Place Your Orders.

C. G. Schmidt, at the City Bakery, is prepared to serve his patrons, with ice cream, ices, and fancy baking of all kinds for balls, parties, weddings, etc. Orders should be given in time. 41-3t

After the Iron Works.

We learn, from a reliable source, that a company of capitalists from the South are negotiating to lease the iron company's plant at this place. We hope the move may be successful.

Annual Election.

A regular meeting of the Cameron County Agricultural Society will be held at the Court House, Saturday, Dec. 24th. The annual election of officers will take place at this time. Let there be a full attendance.

Rescue Hook and Ladder Ball.

The twelfth annual ball and supper of Rescue Hook & Ladder Company, of Emporium, Pa., will take place at the opera house, Friday evening, Dec. 30th, 1898. The several committees are actively at work preparing for a big time this year. They have engaged Jamison's Orchestra, of Bradford, Pa., comprising six pieces, and propose making their '98 ball the most popular yet given The Hooks never do anything on a small scale. Remember the date. 39-6t

Holiday Excursion Rates.

Do you intend spending the Holidays in the West? Low rates will be in effect via the Nickel Plate Road, tickets on sale good going Dec. 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 31st, Jan. 1st and 2nd, good returning until Jan. 3rd, inclusive Three fast and splendidly equipped trains in each direction, daily, between Buffalo and Chicago. Dining cars, uniformed colored porters in charge of day coaches, to look after the comfort of passengers, especially the ladies and children.

If your ticket agent cannot give you all information desired, call on or address F. J. Moore, Gen'l Agent, Nickel Plate Road, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y. 106-42-3t

Lloyd's Long Range Forecast of the Weather FOR EMPORIUM AND VICINITY.

FRIDAY, - Fair and continued unsettled weather. No cold weather in sight for the next two days, at this writing (Thursday).

CHRISTMAS, Probably fair, and looks as if it would be a green Christmas.

OPEN DOOR

Lloyd's Christmas Store is an "Open Door" to
1—The Holiday trade in Emporium. 2—Equal prices to all. 3—To low prices to all. 4—To new goods to all. 5—Fair dealing to all.

STRANGERS and CITIZENS alike, will find this store ready to meet their wants, and to gratify your wishes in new Christmas goods at astonishing low prices. And you will find the prices marked on all goods in plain figures. Till Christmas the "Door will be Open" until 10 o'clock, p. m.

Fourth Street.

H. S. LLOYD.

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor.

Published Every Thursday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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If paid in advance..... 1 50

ADVERTISING RATES:

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year, or for six or three months, are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion; 5 cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, 10 cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business cards, five lines or less, $5 per year; over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW PRINTING.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

THE czars of Russia have been the favorite game of the assassin. The nobles attacked Czar Paul in 1801. Alexander II. was attacked four times before he was finally killed in 1881 by a bomb thrown by a man, who was himself killed, in St. Petersburg.

THE department of agriculture reports that the increased value of the corn and oat crops on American farms this year will aggregate $88,000,000. This will make up for the decreased value of the wheat crop and will start the farmer off in better condition in the race of life in 1899 than he did in 1898.

THE Austrian minister of agriculture has sanctioned an appropriation for establishing, at a cost of 3,000 florins each, 33 stations at which the army is to supply guns and ammunition for driving away hail clouds. It is considered proved that the concussion and the clouds of smoke rising into the air affect the atmospheric state of humidity.

IN the treasure room of the Maharajal of Barnda is said to repose a carpet which cost close upon $1,000,000. It is only 10 feet by six feet in size, but is woven from strings of pure pearls, with center and corner circles of diamonds. It required three years to manufacture this jewel of a carpet, which was intended as a gift to a beautiful Mohammedan belle.

IT is perhaps not generally known that the German emperor has a paper published and Printed exclusively for himself and for the empress. It is the Imperial Gazette, of Berlin, containing a clear and concise daily summary of the world's news. The edition of this paper consists of two copies, doubtless the smallest edition of any paper published.

THE salt mines of Wielieska, near Cracow, Poland, were mentioned in 1044, and have been worked since 1240. The first map of the mines was made in 1698 by Martin German, a Swedish mine surveyor. The eight shafts now in existence are from 207 to 985 feet deep, and the length of the levels now open is 345,000 feet, with 115,500 feet of underground tram lines.

A CURIOUS visitation recently was noted in the township of Hove, near Brighton, Eng., in the shape of a plague of caterpillars. Having consumed a field of broo coli they have made tracks across the road toward the houses, exteriors of which have simply swarmed with them. Fourteen caterpillars were counted on a single window pane by an observer.

THE ofdest house in America is in St. Augustine, Fla. In 1564 it was built by the monks of the Order of St. Francis, and the whole of the solid structure is composed of coquina, a combination of sea shells and mortar, which is almost indestructible. When Francis Drake sacked and burned the town this was the only house left in the trail of destruction. It has been purchased by the well-known antiquarian, J. W. Henderson, who will make it his winter residence.

THERE has always been much controversy as to who was the youngest actual participant in the civil war. This honor in the Spanish war appears to be due to "Boots," the 13-year-old mascot of the 10th Pennsylvania, who accompanied the regiment to the Philippines. In the trenches before Milate "Boots" did good service carrying water and ammunition. When he wanted passage from Manila to Hong Kong he boarded Adm. Dewey's flagship and explained his wish and the admiral accommodated him.

CONSUL FLEMING, of Edinburgh, Scotland, reports an interview with a business man of Edinburgh, who says that the American harnessmakers, housefurnishing and fitting manufacturers and office desk manufacturers are neglecting a field in Scotland that could be rendered fertile by proper cultivation. The standard of utility, convenience and adaptability of the American made goods is so much higher than all competing goods that sales would be large and profitable, if properly sought.

WHEN an earthquake occurs the entire crust or surface of the earth experiences some effects of the disturbance. An earthquake in Calcutta which was accurately recorded gave a basis for determining the speed of transmission of the wave of disturbance due to the shock. The disturbance was registered at the Edinburgh observatory, thousands of miles distant, and gave a speed of transmission of six and two-tenths miles per second for the heavier shocks and less than two miles per second for the lighter ones.

THE TRADE OUTLOOK.

Sound Money and Good Crops Have Brought an Era of Great Prosperity.

The enormous orders which railroads have placed for steel rails are the most significant illustrations of the great revival in business in this country since the election. The Iron Age, the standard authority in the trade, says in its current issue that no less than 700,000 tons have been taken this week, which means prosperity for the mills next year. This represents only a part of the immense business that will be done, for many roads have not yet placed their orders, but are preparing to do so. From excellent information at hand the Age concludes that the production will reach 2,000,000 tons in 1899. Three western railroads alone have ordered 180,000 tons, one taking 75,000. Their orders for new cars are on a similar scale, and altogether it seems that the heavy purchasing which the mills have been expecting from the roads since the 1896 election has at last begun.

The railroads are making the start in the outlays which have been required for a general revival of business. Soon the other lines of trade and manufactures will follow. Confidence that was first restored in our currency and financial institutions is now returning in every direction. Railroads did not buy rails heavily, though they needed them, until they could be assured that the return of good times would not be checked by the danger of further silver legislation, and they could tell that the results of two good crops had given the country a basis upon which it could depend for freights outside of grain. The same thing has been true in practically nearly every other great line of trade. Money was plenty and credit good, but the wheels of progress were clogged until the road was cleared far ahead. Last year there were fine crops, high prices and a general winding up of old debts, but people had not that confidence in the future necessary to buying operations which make not a few lines of trade but a whole country busy and prosperous.

At last the swelling of the tide is general, and it is so recognized in Europe as well as in America. Every line of business is becoming buoyant, with few exceptions. The demand for labor is such that few men are unemployed if they want work. Advertisements for all sorts of help appear in the newspapers, to whose columns such announcements have long been strangers. Even cotton manufacturing, so long depressed, is now rallying, and soon will be prosperous. It will follow the upheaval in iron and steel, of which the strongest indication is given in the immense railroad orders.

The country never was so rich, and its currency system has not for 20 years been so free from danger of attack. The first result of abundant funds and the assurance that no revolution was to be attempted in the monetary standard has been a wild rush to place investments in bonds and fixed securities. What is coming now is the withdrawal of money from bonds and its employment in active trade. In short, we are upon the eve of another great era of development which will discount that of 1880-1890.—Louisville Courier-Journal (Dem.).

GREAT TIME COMING.

Such a Season of Prosperity as the World Never Has Known.

Never in the history of the American people were their business affairs in such promising condition as they are at the present time. Wherever we look the evidence of prosperity is found.

Our exports are phenomenally large and there is every indication that they will grow to even greater dimensions. There was a time when we sold only raw materials, but now our manufactured products are finding such favor in the eyes of the world that our European rivals in trade have reason for alarm. In a letter to the New York World George Rutledge Gibson, referring to this aspect of the question, says: "As a result, we have at our command an enormous international trade balance which we can convert into gold at any time, but we have what is more important than that, a relief from the gold drain to Europe, which for several years threatened gold payments in this country. While free silver men were agitating their policy gold was fleeing away and the very underpinning of our gold standard was being withdrawn. This process went on for some time in conjunction with a treasury situation which was weakened by monthly deficits. The whole economic drift has now changed. We have so far this year imported $130,000,000 more gold than we have exported, we have produced and put into monetary circulation more gold than any year within 30 years, and we have at our beck and call millions of European gold in the form of bills of exchange carried by our bankers."

We continue to be the granary of the world; populism, it is believed, is disappearing; the silver question no longer excites serious alarm, though it will continue to be agitated; this country will not engage in war again for many years. So everything is promising for such a season of prosperity as the world never has known.—Albany Journal.

☞The evidence increases that the republican victories in November have been followed by an unprecedented improvement in business. It would not have been thus if the silverites had carried the northwestern states.—Indianapolis Journal.

☞But for the war the republican revenue would have paid the expenses of the government this year and given a surplus of $15,000,000 up to November 1. This statement excludes the Pacific railroad payments.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

STANDS BY HIS PLEDGES.

President McKinley Will Keep Every Promise Made at His Election.

President McKinley's message to the people of the west, delivered by H. H. Hanna at the meeting of the New York chamber of commerce a few days ago is an emphatic reiteration of his message to congress last year. "What word," said Mr. Hanna on parting with the president, "can I take back to the people of the west regarding the currency?" The president replied:

"Tell them I stand firmly for monetary legislation, and that I am determined that every pledge the republican party made along this line shall be kept."

Why is this message sent especially to the west? Simply because, to the honor of the west, it is here that the demand for the fulfillment of the republican pledges of 1896 are most insistent. The president has been reading the returns from the west. He interprets correctly the magnificent majority in Ohio to mean an indorsement alike of the performances and promises of his administration. So, too, of the round plurality of 69,000 in Illinois, 25,000 in Indiana, 74,000 in Michigan, 63,000 in Iowa, 30,000 in Wisconsin, and sound money gains everywhere west to the Golden Gate that opens outward to our island empire.

The president makes no new promises. Nor does he give any intimation of favoring any of the currency reform measures before the present congress. He knows that no relief is possible in that quarter. But from his message of December 6, 1897, we know that President McKinley is committed to monetary measures that shall—

"1. Place the currency and obligations of the United States on the gold basis by statute.

"2. Impound redeemed greenbacks so that they shall not be reissued except for gold, thereby breaking the 'endless chain.'

"3. Grant to national banks the right to issue notes to the face value of the bonds which they deposit for circulation and reduce the tax on such circulation to one-half of one per cent."

There need be no caucusing of republican leaders during the coming session to unite upon these propositions. There are not differences of opinion to be reconciled about them. There is no novelty or intricacy of system involved in them. They stand forth as the obvious and self-evident means to secure the gold standard, break the "endless chain" of repeated redemption and give greater elasticity to our currency.

No preliminary conference of party leaders was necessary to the calling o the extra session of 1897 for tariff reform, and none is needed to adjust differences as to monetary reform before the extra session. The divergence of views as to national banking and currency that cannot be brought together in the discussion of the extra session can be relegated to the regular session.

The people of the west send greeting to Presidnt McKinley and beg to express their confidence in his determination to call an extra session of the Fifty-sixth congress in March that the republican party at the first opportunity may keep its pledges of 1896 and 1898 in regard to monetary legislation.—Chicago Times-Herald.

DINGLEY BILL RECEIPTS.

Treasury Figures Show It Is Unmistakably a Revenue Raiser.

So nicely is the Dingley tariff working that the author, or the man whose name it bears, has no reason to hang his head for shame, nor to feel hurt by the jibes of mugwump and democratic detractors. To make it clear, note a few figures lately given out by the treasury authorities.

In the first four months of the current fiscal year, which began July 1, the customs receipts have been by months as follows:

July, 1898	$15,169,680
August	16,249,943
September	16,759,571
October	15,955,234
Total	$63,734,137
Average per month	15,933,535

In these receipts are included tea, which may be called a war tax, but it is so easily raised and produces revenue, the burden of which is justly and lightly distributed, that it will in all likelihood be long continued.

It will be seen that the average for these four months is but a trifle less than $16,000,000 a month, an average which, if it holds out, will produce from customs a sum but a trifle short of $200,000,000 per annum.

Now for a fair comparison. Under the last straight fiscal year of the Wilson tariff, ended June 30, 1896, the receipts amounted to $160,021,751, and last year, owing to anticipatory importations to escape the new taxes, the receipts were but $150,078,758.

All in all, republicans have no occasion to be ashamed of the work of their hands. There may be crudities here and there in the bill and slight changes may be necessary, but taken as a whole the bill will prove to be a revenue raiser, with burdens justly and properly distributed.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

PRESS OPINIONS.

☞Coin Harvey has coupled a lecture to his collecting tour and thus rendered his coming more painful than ever.—Washington Post.

☞Santa Claus is in no danger of getting lost this year. The advance agent of prosperity has blazed the way very plainly.—Cleveland Leader.

☞That business has taken a fresh start since the election is a fact which becomes more and more noticeable daily.—N. Y. Post (Gold Dem.).

☞Some silver papers are frank enough to acknowledge that one more good crop will bury forever the hopes of those favoring the free coinage of silver. But they should not be cast down. The country can stand it if they can.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A FRIGHTFUL CRASH.

A Huge Tank Collapses While Being Tested and a Number of Persons are Killed and Wounded.

New York, Dec. 14.—The great steel gas tank of the Consolidated Gas Co. at Avenue A and Twentieth street, the largest of its kind in the world, collapsed at 5:30 Tuesday afternoon. It went down with a roar like a great explosion. Granite blocks and bricks fell like a child's toy house of blocks, and loosed from bondage 8,000,000 gallons of water, deluged the streets and in a ten-feet tidal wave carried death and destruction through the neighborhood. The dead so far recovered are: Andrew Wendt, workman; Pius Baum, engineer in adjacent factory. The injured number 25, of whom one or two may die.

The steel tank was 178 feet in diameter and 160 feet high. Rising out of the ground to a height of 50 feet was a great circular wall of granite and brick many feet in thickness. This was filled with 8,000,000 gallons of water. A gang of men was at work filling the pit with water to make the first "water test." The great tank seemed to withstand the test well. The laborers were even beginning to gather up their tools to knock off. There were many people on the streets and crowded street cars coming and going. Suddenly came an awful crash. The men below had scarcely time to fly from beneath the falling walls ere they were picked up by the mass of rolling water and hurled hundreds of feet away.

Into the basements, the first and second floors of factories and tenements rushed the flood. Workmen were shot out of the factory windows and carried a block or more as if mere straws. Women were washed out of the flats from the first floors and almost drowned. Mary O'Connell and her little sister Catherine were seated at the front window on the second floor of No. 335 Avenue A. Before they could flee a rush of water struck them both, smashing them through the door and carrying them half a block distant. Both were terribly injured, the little one perhaps fatally. Henry Fuldner was taken up bodily and carried almost to 21st street. His son was also carried out of his office by the water, but was caught in the debris and but for the timely arrival of some workmen with axes he would have been drowned.

Andrew Wendt, one of the killed, was near the base of the tank when it collapsed. He was caught by the rushing water and borne almost an incredible distance. His mangled body was found more than a block away. W. J. Logan, of Green Point, the contractor who was building the tank, arrived on the scene a few minutes after the collapse and was placed under arrest.

W. H. Bradley, chief engineer of the Consolidated Gas Co., and said to be jointly responsible for the work with Contractor Logan, was also arrested. Both were charged with homicide and bail was placed at $10,000 each.

FOUGHT IN THE STREET.

A Bloody Affray Between Spaniards and Cubans in Havana—Funeral Procession Attacked.

Havana, Dec. 14.—Tuesday morning, when a funeral procession which was escorting the hearse containing the remains of Jesus Sotolongo, who was killed Sunday night, reached the corner of Infanta and San Jose streets, a violent affray took place between members of the funeral party and some employes of the military hospital. The following were wounded: Dr. Betancourt, Cuban deputy for Santiago; Rafael Portuondo, Cuban deputy; the Cuban Vidal; Armamendo Rivas, Francisco Lucas Blanco, a Spaniard; Ramon Garcia, a Spaniard, three women and two children. Garcia, who was stabbed, may die and Portuondo was badly hurt.

One version is that the hospital employes and a number of Spanish privates who were standing in the hospital portico refused to remove their hats when requested to do so by persons in the procession. Thereupon the Cubans, it is alleged, tried to knock off the hats and a fight ensued.

The privates fired upon the procession, the windows of the hearse being broken and bullets striking the coffin. Knives and pistols were freely used. The procession, which consisted of 180 carriages, continued to the Cuban camp near Marianao, where military honors were rendered.

Echoes of an Ocean Horror.

Chicago, Dec. 14.—Five suits in admiralty were begun Tuesday in the United States district court against La Compagnie Generale Trans-Atlantique, owner of the ill-fated Atlantic liner La Bourgogne, which sank off Sable Island July 4 last as the result of a collision with the Cromartyshire in which several hundred people lost their lives. Damages to the amount of $50,000 are asked in each case. The suits are brought by the administrators of the estates of five persons who lost their lives in this disaster.

Success Assured.

Washington, Dec. 14.—The Lafayette monument commission, having in charge the matter of the erection of a monument of Lafayette in Paris in 1900, held a meeting here Tuesday. The report of the treasurer showed that $50,000 already had been raised toward defraying the cost of the monument, principally from dime donations by children of the public schools, which assures the success of the enterprise.

Garcia's Funeral.

Washington, Dec. 14.—The solemn high mass of the Catholic church was performed over the remains of Gen. Calixto Garcia at St. Patrick's church Tuesday before the body of the distinguished Cuban leader was committed to the vault in the National cemetery at Arlington. The service was notable for the distinguished gathering present. All the honors of war that could be meted out to a national hero were bestowed by this government upon the old Cuban. At the conclusion of the mass the body was transferred to Arlington.

PEACE JUBILEE.

The Atlantic Celebration Begins on Time.

President McKinley Delivers a Soul Stirring and Patriotic Address in the Presence of the Legislature and Governor of Georgia.

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 15.—President McKinley and his party arrived in Atlanta Wednesday morning over the Southern railway.

Gen. Joe Wheeler was the first to alight. A chorus of cheers greeted the distinguished Alabamian as he made his way to a carriage. When the president appeared a hearty cheer was given him, breaking forth with renewed vigor an instant later, when Mrs. McKinley came out of the car. The ladies of the peace jubilee committee extended a greeting to the ladies of the presidential party, after which the president and those accompanying him were escorted to the Kimball house.

A few minutes before 1 o'clock the president's party were assigned to carriages and, escorted by 50 mounted police and the members of Gov. Candler's staff, started for the Capitol.

Guns boomed the presidential salute as the president ascended the steps of the Capitol. At the entrance the president was met by a committee representing Gov. Candler, the state senate and the house and was conducted to the governor's parlor. Here he was received by Gov. Candler and the state house officials, after which the general assembly in joint session received the president and party and the governor.

The president as he entered the house of representatives was given an ovation. The joint session rose to its feet and cheered the nation's chief lustily. The well-filled galleries joined in the welcome.

The speaker introduced the president to the audience. As the president rose the audience applauded. During his speech Mr. McKinley referred often to his notes and constantly paused for the cheers to stop. A scene of intense enthusiasm followed when these words fell from the lips of the president:

"Every soldier's grave made during the unfortunate civil war is a tribute to American valor. And while, when those graves were made we differed widely about the future of the government, those differences were long ago settled by the arbitrament of arms—and the time has now come, under the providence of God, when in the spirit of fraternity we should share with you in the care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers."

A wild cheer went up from every throat in the audience, a cheer that echoed through the chamber until it was taken up by the crowds outside. Old men who fought for the south rose from their seats and waved their hats.

Of all the many conciliatory speeches which have been made since Grant said: "Let there be peace," nothing has more deeply stirred a southern audience than these words of President McKinley.

No sooner had the president concluded than there were loud cries for Wheeler and when that little man got up, his head scarcely higher than the speaker's desk, the audience once more gave vent to wild enthusiasm. Gen. Wheeler referred eulogistically to the efforts of the president towards preserving peace as long as the country's honor would permit such efforts, and of his masterful policy after war was inevitable.

Calls for Brig. Gen. Young brought that officer to his feet with a short speech regarding the condition of the army camps in the south. He said that no troops in the world were better fed and better treated than the troops in South Carolina and Georgia.

Gen. Lawton was loudly cheered, but refused to make a speech. He simply thanked, on behalf of his men at Santiago, the legislature and people of Georgia for their tribute to himself. Secretary Alger refused to speak and the legislature dissolved. The president held a private reception in the senate and afterward a public reception on the steps of the rotunda.

The prettiest feature of the day's festivities occurred during the afternoon. It was a floral parade in which prominent people of the city took part.

The parade proceeded through the business portion of the South Side to Peachtree street. Passing out this beautiful street, which was lined on both sides with thousands of cheering school children, all waving tiny flags, it was indeed an unique feature. The president and his escort preceded the parade to the reviewing stand. As each carriage passed the stand the occupants saluted the president and waved flags, to which the executive responded.

Escaped from the Ice Floe.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 15.—Nine incoming steamers succeeded in crawling out of the Lake Erie ice floe yesterday. All had been in the ice from three to five days, but none were seriously damaged. The outbound vessels have not been so fortunate. It was reported at noon from below Point Pelee, on the Canadian shore, that the Detroit ferry steamers Promise and Fortune were breaking the ice below the point ahead of five steamers bound down. Some 15 other vessels are struggling with the ice pack.

Demand $20,000,000 Ransom.

Madrid, Dec. 15.—There is great irritation here at the continued refusal of the Filipinos to release the Spanish prisoners, who are said to exceed 10,000 in number. The insurgents are now demanding that Spain pay as a ransom for these prisoners the $20,000,000 which she is to receive from the United States.

Found Four More Corpses.

New York, Dec. 15.—Four more bodies were found Wednesday in the wreckage of the collapsed gas holder at Twentieth street and Avenue A. This brings the list of dead up to six.

CONVERSATION SIMPLIFIED.

It Is Not Difficult to Determine the Subject When a Man Talks Like This.

"It's a fraud!" exclaimed one of the men who had stopped to read their papers in the warm though unpretentious little place which serves both as railway waiting-room and post office. "The whole business is a downright swindle."

"Of course it is," answered his neighbor, who was busily engaged in pronouncing under his breath all the words in an article on successful fertilizing.

"It's an outrage on a confiding public, and a backset to civilization."

"That's what it is," was the somewhat grudging response.

The indignant old gentleman became so excited that he had to go out and walk up and down the platform. As his friend glanced up from his paper to watch him depart he caught the eye of a traveling man who, pending train time, had nothing to do but observe people.

"Excuse me for asking questions about things that are none of my affair," said the traveling man, "but are you a mind reader?"

"Not that I know of."

"You knew what your friend was talking about without his telling you."

"Well, not precisely."

"But you answered him as if you knew."

"Yes. I wa'n't takin' any risk in that. I knowed he was makin' allusions to either a 'lection or a prize fight. An' whichever it was, them was my sentiments."—Washington Star.

A CHEEKY BLUFF.

The Monumental Gall of a Nervy Man Gains for Him His Difficult End.

A local banker of a small Iowa town was called suddenly to a larger town at considerable of a distance to intercept his eloping daughter, who had been visiting there. In order to get there that day he would have to change cars at Des Moines and the train that connected with the Des Moines train left earlier in the day. Consulting his time table, he learned that the train he would be obliged to board reached Des Moines just 15 minutes after the train for B——, his destination, pulled out. Remembering an old adage of his cashier: "He who works the greatest bluff wins," he sent the following message to the Des Moines train officials:

"Hold the 2:30 train until I arrive.

"G. G. BLANK."

Not knowing but that G. G. Blank was in some way highly connected with the road and fearing to incur his displeasure, the "bluff" worked. When he stepped off the train at Des Moines a man hurried toward him, and, lifting his hat respectfully, inquired: "Are you Mr. Blank?"

"Yes."

"We received your message. The train is waiting."

And that is how G. G. Blank, who is not known outside his little county, passed for an official of a great and mighty corporation and was able to reach his destination just in time to give the paternal blessing to his daughter and her newly made husband.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Modern Idea.

A teacher in a local primary school in an endeavor to inculcate a moral lesson in the receptive minds of her little charges asked them what they would do if they had a great deal of money. With remarkable unanimity the pupils replied that they would donate it to pleasing others. They didn't say so in chorus, but the answers ran down the line in about this fashion:

"I'd buy a present for papa."

"I'd get something nice for mamma."

"I'd spend it for my baby brother."

"I'd buy a nice cloak for grandma."

And so it ran on until it reached little Jimmie Peters, the last boy in the line.

"Well, Jimmie," queried the teacher, "what would you do if you had lots of money?"

"Burn it," said Jimmie.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Railroad Trains to Run Slower.

Railroad officials claim that it is very expensive to run their lightning express trains, and are talking about reducing the speed. It is likewise expensive to the health to rush and struggle and compete in business affairs as men do nowadays. The brain, the nerves, the muscles, the whole system gives out. For restoring strength after business worries, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the proper remedy. It is an ideal tonic for the tired, the run-down and the weak.

Too Big a Risk.

"Yes, I've made up my mind to have my life insured."

"Any particular reason for it?"

"Going to be married next week."

"Let's see, you're one of these popular fellows, aren't you?"

"Why, I fancy I'm pretty well known."

"Well, we can't insure you until after the wedding is over."

"Why not?"

"Because there's no telling what your fool friends will do to you before you get out of town."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From Baby in the High Chair

to grandma in the rocker Grain-O is good for the whole family. It is the long-desired substitute for coffee. Never upsets the nerves or injures the digestion. Made from pure grains it is a food in itself. Has the taste and appearance of the best coffee at ¼ the price. It is a genuine and scientific article and is come to stay. It makes for health and strength. Ask your grocer for Grain-O.

Gracious Offering.

Elderly Passenger—Here, miss, take this seat.

Stout Young Woman—Oh, I could not think of depriving an old—I mean I could not think of depriving you.

"You go ahead and take it, an' don't argue. I know you fat girls always has lame feet."—Indianapolis Journal.

Are you bruised? Use St. Jacobs Oil and You won't be long. Shortest way.

Derailment.

"Am I disturbing a train of thought?" asked the canvasser, with a cheerful assumption of comradeship and good humor.

"Disturbing it?" responded the professor, looking up from his table of logarithms, "you are holding it up, sir!"

And the abashed canvasser withdrew.—Chicago Tribune.

Sharp Pains

Darting from one point to another, stiff and swollen joints, inflammation, intense suffering, are characteristics of rheumatism. All these painful symptoms are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla which purifies the blood and neutralizes the acid which is the cause of rheumatism. Why continue to suffer when you may be relieved by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

America's Greatest Medicine. Price $1. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

The Eureka Roller Chair

The Lightest, Strongest, The Best.
FOR THE SICK or LAME.
THE EASIEST RUNNING CHAIR and CHEAPEST.
Only $15. "Money Order."
CEO. H. CUMMINGS,
182 Cherry Street,
WATERBURY, Conn

HAND OF DEATH.

It Stills the Heart and Brain of Calvin S. Brice.

WAS ILL FOR FIVE DAYS.

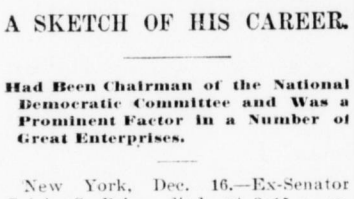
Made Himself Noted as a Politician and Railway King.

A SKETCH OF HIS CAREER.

Had Been Chairman of the National Democratic Committee and Was a Prominent Factor in a Number of Great Enterprises.

New York, Dec. 16.—Ex-Senator Calvin S. Brice died at 3:15 p. m. Thursday at his residence in this city, of pneumonia. He contracted a severe cold a week ago. On Friday last he took to his bed and on Monday his physician said pneumonia had developed. Everything known to medical science was done to save him, but he grew steadily worse. Mr. Brice was delirious for 24 hours before his death.

Washington, Dec. 16.—Calvin S. Brice was a native of Denmark, O., and was born September 17, 1845. He was the son of a Presbyterian minister. Three years before the civil war he entered Miami university, but in 1861 he enlisted in a university company for the war. He served in West Virginia in the Eighty-sixth Ohio infantry. In 1863 he graduated from the university and after teaching school a few months he became captain of a company in the One Hundred and Eighth Ohio and served to the end of the war. He then went to Ann Arbor (Mich.) law school and afterwards was admitted to the bar in Cincinnati.



CALVIN S. BRICE.

He took an active interest in politics and in the campaign of 1876 he was an electoral candidate on the Tilden ticket and again on the Cleveland ticket in 1884. In 1888 he was a delegate-at-large to the democratic national convention at St. Louis, where the Ohio delgation chose him as a member of the national committee. He was chairman of the executive committee during the 1888 campaign and on the death of W. H. Barnum was elected chairman of the democratic national committee. In the winter of 1890 Mr. Brice was elected United States senator to succeed Henry B. Payne and took his seat March 4, 1891.

In the senate Mr. Brice became a prominent figure. He was soon made a member of the democratic steering committee and became also a member of the committee on appropriations. Mr. Brice seldom spoke in the senate, but was a close observer of everything that was going on and was always deep in the councils of the party.

Mr. Brice served six years in the senate, being succeeded by J. B. Foraker. In Washington he occupied the Corcoran house and gave lavish entertainments. Since his retirement from the senate he occupied himself for the most part with business affairs in New York.

Until the democratic party adopted free silver as a cardinal principle Mr. Brice was the leader in his party in Ohio, but after that he did not take an active part in politics.

He was admired for his business and political skill and for his abounding good humor, which never left him on any occasion.

He was largely interested in railway enterprises, was rated a millionaire and of late had been one of the chief members of a syndicate with large railroad and other concessions in China. He leaves a wife and several grown children.

Ruined by His Brother.

Abilene, Kan., Dec. 16.—J. W. Gillett, hardware and implement dealer, has turned over his business at Woodbine to his creditors. Gillett is a brother of Grant Gillett, the absconding cattle king, and held $190,000 worth of cattle paper issued by his brother. The cattle which J. W. Gillett supposed he owned has been found to have been mortgaged to others. His assets are placed at $50,600.

MUSICIANS AND THEIR HAIR.

Wind instruments, especially the cornet and trombone, are fatal to heavy heads of hair.

Certain music prevents the hair from falling, according to one scientist, while other kinds have a disastrous effect.

The violoncello and harp keep the hair in pretty well, but the flute cannot be depended upon. A number of pianists, including Paderewski, are cited by a scientist in confirmation of this theory.

POISON IN THE SWEETS.

Damaging Evidence Given in the Botkin Trial—Chemists and Druggists Tell Their Stories.

San Francisco, Dec. 15.—The trial of Mrs. Botkin is becoming more interesting. Wednesday was cold and stormy, but a large crowd was in court.

Thomas Price, the analytical chemist of this city who examined some of the candy sent to Mrs. Dunning, was the first witness called. Prof. Price stated that he received eight samples of the candy from Chief of Police Lees on September 25 and that his analysis showed an aggregate amount of 18 grains of arsenic in the candy submitted to him. He described the different forms of arsenic. Dr. Wolf, the chemist from Dover, Del., was recalled and asked if he had ever heard of arsenic being used for bleaching straw hats. He replied in the negative. This question was asked for the reason that Mrs. Botkin admitted shortly after her arrest that she had purchased some arsenic to bleach her hat.

Frank Gray, a druggist, furnished important information regarding the purchase of the arsenic by Mrs. Botkin. He said that on June 1st Mrs. Botkin, whom he knew slightly, called upon him for some arsenic and averred that she wished it for the purpose of bleaching a straw hat. Gray recommended several other articles. But Mrs. Botkin said she was familiar with arsenic and preferred it. Gray made the entry on the poison book indicating the use to which it was to be subjected. He entered the name on the book as "Mrs. Bothin."

David Green, a druggist employed in another store, failed to positively identify Mrs. Botkin as the woman who purchased some arsenic from him, though he said she was short and stocky. This description fits Mrs. Botkin.

Mrs. Sylvia Heney, a saleswoman for George Haas & Sons, candy makers and retailers, was the most important witness. She identified some of the candy sent to Mrs. Dunning as being from the stock of her employers. She identified the box and explained that she did not quite fill it, at the request of the purchaser, who said she wished to add some to the box. Mrs. Heney identified a seal used by the firm and said that the purchaser appeared extremely nervous during the whole transaction. Mrs. Heney's identification was not positive, but she qualified it by saying that she believed that Mrs. Botkin was the person who bought the candy.

THEY GO SCOT FREE.

Spanish Officers Who Shot Cubans in Havana's Streets are Not Arrested.

Havana, Dec. 15.—American observers of the violent scenes enacted here on Sunday night sympathize with the Cuban population over the killing of three persons and the wounding of 15 others by Spanish soldiers. Nevertheless the American military men are unable to do more than they have done in securing safe transportation for prominent Cubans to Marianao and in preventing all arrests excepting those of three youngsters who, however, were afterwards released.

The shooting was nearly all done by Spanish officers. Some of the shots were fired during the conflict at aggressive Cubans, but most of them were fired at retreating Cubans. None of the officers implicated have been brought to account by their superiors. It is asserted that the feeling in the Spanish army is one of pleasure that the Cubans gave the Spaniards the opportunity to kill a few of them.

The first arrivals of American troops and dissolution of Spanish sovereignty on all sides in Havana increase the Spanish bitterness here. The only safety of the Cubans is in their remaining patient for a week or two longer until the Seventh army corps shall have arrived. The American officers urge the Cuban leaders to counsel silence and self-suppression for awhile, as fire brand Cubans cannot be protected, even by the moral influence of the American representatives.

FULLY EXONERATED.

Charges Made Against Deputy Marshals in Connection with an Indian Outbreak are Proven False.

Washington, Dec. 15.—Shortly after the outbreak of hostilities on the part of the Leech Lake Indians, which occurred in October last, charges were made against deputy marshals in Minnesota of misconduct in connection with the prosecution of criminal cases against Indians. The secretary of the interior and the attorney general ordered that a joint investigation should be made into the charges and Cyrus Beede, an Indian inspector, and William Moyer, an examiner of the department of justice, were appointed to proceed to White Earth reservation in Minnesota and determine what truth there might be in the charges.

Beede and Moyer have filed their reports with the secretary of the interior and the attorney general. They entirely exonerate the deputy marshals from all charges of misconduct.

$145,000,000 for Pensions.

Washington, Dec. 15.—The pension appropriation bill reported to the house yesterday carries $145,233,830, being $4,000,000 more than carried by the current act, due to the increase in pension disbursements, which rose from $139,949,817 in 1897 to $144,651,879 in 1898. The total number of pensioners on the rolls is 993,714.

National Guardsmen's Convention.

Chicago, Dec. 15.—Nearly every state and territory in the Union was represented yesterday at the second annual convention of the Inter-State National Guard association. The convention was called for the purpose of considering plans for bettering the condition of the national guard and to take steps toward cementing the relations of the regular army and the militia of the various states, and was attended by many officers of volunteer troops who served during the war with Spain, as well as several officers of the regular army. Nearly 200 delegates were present.

BEST ON RECORD.

Volume of Trade in This Month Never Equalled.

IRON BUSINESS LEADS.

Demand for Finished Products is Unprecedented.

WOOL AND COTTON ADVANCE

Exports of Wheat and Corn are Very Large and the Price of the Last Named Cereal Has Steadily Advanced During the Past Week.

New York, Dec. 17.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: December is adding a surprising close to the most surprising year of American history. November surpassed all other months of the century in volume of business and production, and thus far December is doing even better in payments through clearing houses, in railroad earnings, in foreign trade, in output of pig iron, in activity and strength of securities. But that is saying a great deal, for in all these and other tests November was far the best month of American financial history.

Not only is the iron output the greatest ever known, but it has increased 22½ per cent. since 1892, when the greatest monthly record then ever known was made, and Bessemer pig was selling for $14.75 at Pittsburg, but until the middle of November sold at $10.10 this year. It has since risen with enormous demand and sales to $10.55 there, but the Chicago market is also strong, with sales of 100,000 tons, besides 25,000 tons of billets. With scarcity of pig iron feared, both east and west, there is as yet no rise whatever in finished products.

Steel rails are quoted at $17 per ton at the east, although the Lackawanna Co. has taken orders for 100,000 tons at the west, both the Pittsburg and Chicago works being sold far ahead, while Chicago has pending a bid for 200,000 tons deliverable in two years in Asiatic Russia. In other lines the demand for finished products is of the same surprising magnitude, especially in plates and in sheets.

The woolen industry also comes to the front with very extensive purchases of wool, helped by material concessions at Boston, so that sales at the three chief markets have been 17,968,700 pounds. A much improved demand for goods has started many mills long idle, and the prospects for the next season with wool at more reasonable prices have improved.

No man can say that the advance in cotton, with a strong milling demand at home, due to orders for goods which lift prices generally a little, is not warranted in view of the heavy export trade. The foreign demand is inexplicable. The exports of wheat continue heavy.

The corn movement is the most astonishing feature of the business, exports for three weeks being 7,187,302 bushels, against 6,326,894 bushels last year, and the price has advanced one cent for the week.

Failures for the week have been 261 in the United States, against 329 last year, and 31 in Canada, against 28 last year.

The Charges Against Hanna.

Washington, Dec. 17.—At yesterday's meeting of the senate committee on privileges and elections the charge of bribery against Senator Hanna made by the Ohio state senate in connection with that senator's election to his present term of office, was discussed and referred to a sub-committee consisting of Senators Hoar, Spooner and Turley. The sub-committee will investigate the question and decide how far it is necessary to go into the matter. The charges were filed during the last session of congress.

Echoes of Virden Riots.

Carlinville, Ill., Dec. 17.—State Attorney Vaughn is arranging to prosecute all the persons indicted for participation in the Virden riot. The cases will come up at the January term of court. The miners charged with simple rioting will be allowed to plead guilty and escape with minimum fines. The indictments of Gov. Tanner for omission of duty; of Manager Lukens and the Thiel guards charged with manslaughter, and of those charged with the attempt to kill J. F. Eyster, will be taken to trial.

To Be Granted Ample Liberty.

London, Dec. 17.—The Rome correspondent of the Chronicle says: In response to the Vatican's inquiry on the subject President McKinley has the subject of President McKinley has sent an assurance that the Catholics in Cuba and the Philippines will enjoy the same ample liberty as the Catholics in America.

Fatal Explosion in a Gas House.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Dec. 17.—There was a terrible explosion in the generating department of the Poughkeepsie gas works last night. Louis H. Baurhyte was killed and James McComb was fatally injured.

No Lack of Candidates.

San Francisco, Dec. 17.—The steamer Gaelic has arrived from Honolulu and brings the following news: Three candidates are mentioned for the governorship of the islands. They are S. M. Damon, Harold M. Sewall and President Dole. A petition is being circulated among the natives praying President McKinley not to appoint to the position of governor any person connected with the recent revolution in the island. Another petition is about to be circulated asking France to interfere with the present government and to restore the monarchy.

REV. LYMAN ABBOTT.

An Example of the Freedom of the American Pulpit.

For Ten Years He Succeeded in Sustaining the Prestige of Plymouth Church, Made Famous by Henry Ward Beecher.

For some 40 years the most famous pulpit in America was that of Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth church, Brooklyn. For the last ten years Dr. Lyman Abbott has filled that pulpit, and to an unexpected degree has maintained its distinction. And this has been the more remarkable from the fact that during all this time he has also been the chief editor of one of the foremost religious newspapers in the country, formerly the Christian Union, now the Outlook. Dr. Abbott is no doubt wise in his decision not to attempt longer to carry the two-fold burden. It hardly needed the doctor to explain to him that, at his time of life, he was using up his vital energies faster than nature supplied them.

Dr. Abbott, says the Chicago Tribune, has been a conspicuous instance of the freedom of the American pulpit. Whatever anyone's religious views no one can question the educational and moral, as well as religious, power of the pulpit in this country. It is not the power of the priest, but that of the preacher. In this respect our country has been totally different from Spain, for instance, or Italy, or even France. From the beginning of American history the preacher has had his place; a place on the whole well at the front along all the lines that make for progress. There have, it is true, been some spicy heresy trials now and then, and yet these have often been more in the interest of honesty than of bigotry, on the score that the church or congregation preserved some rights and might claim some freedom of its own as well as the preacher.

Plymouth pulpit under Beecher was a power in the land for freedom, for justice, for humanity, which the historian of the period will be sure to

REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.
(Pastor of Plymouth Church and Editor of the Outlook.)

make much account of. If there was a square rod of freedom in America where genius, the genius of incomparable eloquence, gloried in its liberty, and in its opportunity, and its occasions, it was in that Brooklyn pulpit. That Lyman Abbott has been able to sustain for a decade longer the prestige of that pulpit has been greatly to his credit. Ardent enough in his loyalty to his predecessor, he has been content to be himself and try to do his best in his own way. For purity of style, simplicity of manner, virility and lucidity of statement, his utterances, whether by pen or voice, have been excellent models. Some may think his judgment not infallible, his logic not always conclusive, his orthodoxy sometimes mixed and intermittent, but his generous sympathies, his alertness to the opportunity and the duty of the hour, and withal his fine fearlessness in advocating whatever course seemed to him to be right and for the time most urgent, have made for him innumerable friends in all parts of the country.

Depopulation of France.

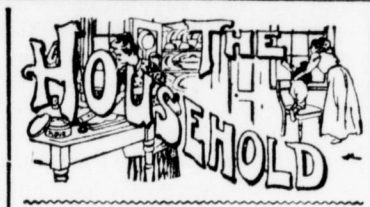
The returns of the census for France which was taken in March, 1897, have now been published and compared with the statistics of the previous census, taken six years before. A year ago the number of people in France was 28,288,969, and at the 1891 census it was 38,095,150, so that in the six years the population of France had only increased by 133,819 persons. And even this trifling increase is more apparent than real, for it has taken place entirely in the large towns and is due to the influx of foreigners, such as Belgians and Italians, who are to be found in increasing numbers among the urban population of France.

The Women of Belgium.

No one can travel in Belgium without being struck by the extraordinary activity and prominence of the women. Over the doors of shops of all descriptions the name of the owner or owners is frequently followed by "Soeurs" or "Veuve." You find them proprietors of hotels and restaurants. They are often custodians of the churches. They are employed to tow the boats along the canal banks. They cut up the meat in the butchers' shops, and they are even to be noticed shoeing horses at the forge.

Poisonous Garden Plants.

Among garden plants commonly in vogue which possess a poisonous nature botanists mention the jonquil, white hyacinth and snowdrop, the narcissus being also particularly deadly—so much so, indeed, that to chew a small scrap of one of the bulbs may result fatally, while the juice of the leaves is an emetic.



WORRYING IS A VICE.

It Is Responsible for More Wrinkles on the Face Than Sickness or Hard Work.

A famous actress once said: "Worry is the foe to all beauty," and she might have added: "It is also the foe to all health." Nothing will bring lines and wrinkles so soon to a face as worry. There are people who worry and worry over a thing for years. It may be something they wish that they had not done, or it may be something that they long to do. The thought of it is with them the moment they open their eyes in the morning, and it is the last thing they think of before falling to sleep; it may even happen that they dream of it, and very, very often it will keep them awake for hours.

Now, what is the good of it? Will worrying remedy what is past, or will it bring the future one day nearer? Is any good to be obtained by it at all? No, it is not, and you know it is not. "But," you say, "the thing is on my mind and I can't get rid of it, however I try." It can be done, though, if you try really hard enough. Here is one remedy, and you must say it is a pleasant one. The instant the worry takes possession of you, think of some pleasure you have had at one time in your life. The worry will try to poke its way between, but you must take a firm hold of it and put it out. Recall one pleasure after another, and as it brings a smile to your lips and a light to your eyes your face will slowly but surely assume a different and very much more pleasant expression. Get into the habit of pondering over the pleasant things which happen to you each day and forget all the unhappy ones. An old lady once kept what she called a "pleasure book," and in it she made a point of recording each day some pleasure she had had. "No matter how dull or tiresome the day has been," she said, "I can always find something to put into my book."

CURTAIN DRAPERIES.

A Graceful Design That Has the Advantage of Not Obstructing Much Light.

Now that summer is over the winter home becomes the important question, and curtains especially call for attention and renovation. Window drapery is always a difficult matter for an amateur to handle successfully, but nothing adds more to the charm of a room than a pretty window. The accompanying design is graceful, and has the advantage in a dark room of not

CURTAIN FOR A DARK ROOM.

obstructing much of the light. The curtain is a combination of chintz and china silk; the latter is fastened in plaits, one over the other, to the right-hand corner of the window, and then is draped down in a loop and thrown over the righthand end of the curtain rod, with the graduated ends left hanging, as in the sketch. The end is trimmed with a band of guipure or eastern embroidery. On the other side the chintz is draped and tied with ribbon to match the pattern. Under this drapery the muslin curtains are hung.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Significance of Color.

Women should study the meaning of color when they choose their gowns. There is a morality in color as there is in perfume, and some of us are learning to make our costumes psychic. The great Duse expresses every degree of emotion, passion, love and evil by the color of her gowns and the luster or the dullness of the gems she wears. Bernhardt will put no diamonds in her hair or on her throat. She says they take fire from the eyes, fairness from the skin and brightness from the hair and lips. Women of the twentieth century will choose their gowns with a more intellectual appreciation of what is expressed in brown and gray and black and blue, which color a great artist once said was the most beautiful thing in the world.

A Company Dessert.

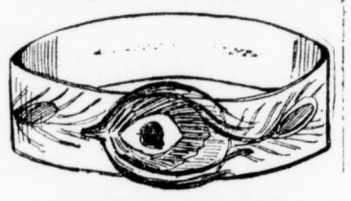
Company dessert is difficult; you want something that is easy to prepare, quick to obtain and very decorative, and at the same time new. Here is something which only the epicureans have tasted. Five minutes before your dessert goes to the table open a jar of preserved pears, whole and sweet. Get a quart of vanilla ice cream frozen very hard. Lay a spoonful of cream on an ice cream plate, bury the pear in the ice cream and cover over with another scoop of cream. The pear will be out of sight until it is discovered in the cool recesses of this delightful dessert.

BRIGHT YOUNG WOMAN.

How She Procured a Fine Variety of Winter Belts at a Ridiculously Small Expense.

An economical young lady gathered together last week all the white belts which she has worn all summer; there were white ribbon belts, white satin belts and white leather belts. When she had collected them she found that they numbered exactly nine. "Now," said she, "I can have nine handsome new belts."

Laying in four packages of dye for which she paid five cents a package, she



A REJUVENATED BELT.

proceeded to make her dye stuff. By weakening the dye she could produce light shades and dark shades, such as light blue and dark blue; pink and red; sage green and leaf green, lavender and purple. One by one she dipped the belts in the different dyes and hung them up to dry. The next day she had the prettiest assortment of colored belts to be found anywhere. Finally she attached handsome clasps, some of which were preserved from the summer, and she is now prepared in the belt line for the winter season.

MANICURING AT HOME.

How to Keep the Hands and Finger Nails in Perfect Condition All the Time.

Get a small bowl or finger glass and dissolve therein a small piece of pure soap in some hot water. Then soak the finger tips for five minutes, wipe dry and then with a knife or an ivory manicure implement gently loosen the layer of skin around the root of the nail so that it can be trimmed off with cuticle scissors (especially curved scissors for the nail) and press the skin well back to distinctly show the half moon or "onyx." This may not be possible at once, when the nails have been neglected. Still, two or three manicure treatments will show a marked improvement. With the ivory implement remove any dirt from under the nails. Trim them oval shape with cuticle scissors, rub down any unevenness with prepared toilet emery paper, then apply the nail powder with a chamois polisher. Rinse the nails in warm water, wipe well and rub the nails again with polisher or with the palm of the hand, and do this after washing, which will serve to keep them polished for a week. If the nails are brittle and dry, rub a little vaseline over them each night. Perfect cleanliness is the greatest adjunct to beauty, but, for all that, do not wash your hands too often. Washed seldom but thoroughly they will keep in a far nicer condition than if they are continually being "rinsed," as it were, which simply serves to grind the dirt into the pores. When gloves are worn at night, be careful that they are perfectly clean inside, otherwise the grime and dirt are absorbed by the overheated glands and the effect is opposite from what was desired.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SUPERFLUOUS WORK.

How Some Women Waste Their Strength and Make Everybody in the House Uncomfortable.

There are some people with such a strong instinct for cleanliness that they will use up all the time and strength they have in all varieties of superfluous duties. There are certain articles which are just as valuable and just as useful after they have become oxidized by exposure as they were before. No one expects to have the brass ornaments on trunks or on many other such utilitarian articles scoured and kept as bright as they were in the shop in which they were purchased. There are women who scour the "brasses" on trunks and on all variety of objects, and such women are certainly wasting time. A woman whose house is so clean that it seems in the perfection of order and neatness, if she finds time to look for things out of order, will often do some such senseless thing as scour brasses on trunks. There are many other ways of occupying time with equally superfluous work. Trimming on the plain, everyday underwear of little children is equally superfluous. It requires an exceptional amount of common sense to know when work is superfluous and when it is strictly necessary. Any mother of children and head of a household has enough necessary work to do, so that she cannot attempt to do superfluous work without neglecting some duty that is a necessity, even if it is only the duty of resting.—N. Y. Tribune.

Napkins for the Children.

"Children," says a physician, "should be taught the use of a napkin to wipe the mouth frequently while eating, for hygienic as well as tidy purposes. Cold sores, common with some children, are often the result of careless eating more than anything else. A trained nurse understands well the necessity of keeping the corners of a patient's mouth clean while feeding—children ought to be taught how and why they should do likewise."

To Color Butter Green.

Procure four ounces of parsley and strip the leaves from the stalks; chop them finely and boil for two minutes. Drain, dry in a napkin and set aside till quite cool. Soak four ounces of anchovies for ten minutes and pass through a sieve. Rechurn, if possible, some fresh butter, and mix into it the above two ingredients. This is suitable for sandwiches, hot biscuits, etc.

Cameron County Press.

ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD.

HENRY H. MULLIN,
Editor and Manager.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Per year.....$2 00
If paid in advance.....$1 50

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year or for six or three months are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2 00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices ten cents per line for one insertion, five cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, ten cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business Cards, five lines or less $5.00 per year over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising

No local inserted for less than 75 cts. per issue.

Probably civil service reform would fare better if a majority of the people had implicit confidence in Carl Schurz.—Buffalo Commercial. Civil service fiddlesticks. Of all the farces ever inaugurated in the United States it takes the cake. Of course all such hacks as Carl Schurz, who manage to keep themselves in good fat positions, are in favor of the un-American fad. Give the people of the United States and opportunity to express their views at the ballot box, then those silk stocking gentlemen would hear something drop.

R. G. Dunn's Review for last week, says: "December is adding a surprising close to the most surprising year of American history. November had surpassed all other months of the century in volume of business and production, and thus far December is doing even better, in payments through clearing houses, in railroad earnings, in foreign trade, in output of pig iron, and in activity and strength of securities. But that is saying a great deal, for in all these and other tests November was far the best month of American financial history."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 19th, 1898.

Senator Platt, of Conn., never speaks unless he has something to say. Consequently, he always gets the attention of his colleagues when he speaks, although he is not an orator in the general acceptance of the term. His strong point is facts, and he brought out an unusual lot of them when he proceeded to demolish the thing set up by Senator Vest in the name of an argument in favor of his resolution, declaring that this government had no constitutional right to acquire territory except with the intention of admitting it to the Union as a State. Mr. Platt made it as plain as A, B, C, that this government had a clear right to acquire territory to be disposed of in any manner it might see fit, and clinched it by showing that it had almost from the beginning of the government exercised this right without question.

Republicans in Congress are delighted with President McKinley's tour of the South, and enthusiastically endorse everything he said about expansion and the government caring for the Confederate dead. The enthusiasm with which the President's straight-from-the-shoulder expansion talk was received in the South was a pointer for some of the Democratic anti-expansionists that is being carefully studied.

Mr. Bryan was not altogether satisfied with the results of his trip to Washington. He did not find the Democratic response to his anti-expansion key-note all that he expected it would be. On the contrary, he was plainly told by a number of Democratic Senators and Representatives that they could not endorse his position, and that their constituents would not. If he had it to do over again, there is very little doubt that Mr. Bryan would be less emphatic in expressing his opposition to expansion, but as he has fully committed himself, there is nothing left for him to do but to stand by what he said and take the consequences.

Strange as it may seem there are Senators and Representatives—none of them Republicans—who oppose the bill to increase the regular army to 100,000 men, and to otherwise put it upon a modern basis. Some of these men were very loud in their complaints, because the organization of the army at the beginning of the war with Spain, was so inadequate to the occasion that there was unavoidable delay in getting the army into fighting condition. Now, they want to perpetuate the old and inadequate organization, forgetting the advice of Washington—"In time of peace, prepare for war." Fortunately for the country, these obstructionists are in the minority; their opposition may delay the increase of the army, but it cannot brevent it.

Congress will this week adjourn for the customary Christmas recess of two weeks. No time will really be lost by the recess, as all of the important committees will work right through it. The Anglo-American Commission has taken a recess until Jan. 5. The work of the Commission has not been progressing very rapidly of late, and it is now practically certain that if there is a treaty at all, it will not include commercial reciprocity.

Hon. David J. Hill, Assistant Secretary of State, delivered an interesting address on the "expansion of civilization" at a banquet. Referring to the disposition in some quarters to harp on the word "imperialism." Mr. Hill said: "A malignant disposition could not have selected a worse word than imperialism. A better word, which expresses the true condition, is expansion. It is not a new one and the idea is not novel. It has existed since the inception of national growth. Civilization must go on until there is not one province, one island, one individuol upon which its benign light does not fall." He answered those who argue that it would be a violation of the Constitution to set up a form of government over any people, without allowing them to choose its form as well as its officials, by saying: "Nations as well as individuals must pass through the period of minority. It was so with this nation. See how closely our forefathers guarded the right of franchise. All constitutional lawyers agree that the franchise is not a natural right, but a legal gift. The natural rights are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and I cannot believe that it is an evil for the stars and strips to float over any people, and it is therefore our duty to extend the blessings of our civilization to all men capable of receiving them."

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and the House Committee on Territories are both at work upon bills providing a government for Hawaii, and the present expectation is that the bills will be reported early in January.

Judge T. G. Beaseley, of Fayetteville, Ga., is a representative intelligent Southerner. He is now visiting Washington, and among other interesting things, said: "President McKinley has made himself so solid in the South, especially in Georgia and Alabama, that in the event of his renomination in 1900, he will get thousands of Democratic votes in those states. His broad-guaged sentiments and generosity have captured our people."

An Enterprising Druggist.

There are few men more wide awake and enterprising than L. Taggart, who spares no pains to secure the best of everything in his line for his many customers. They now have the valuable agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. This is the wonderful remedy that is producing such a furor all over the country by its many startling cures. It absolutely cures asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs. Call at above drug store and get a trial bottle free or a regular size for 50c. and $1. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for that hacking cough. It is the best medicine for throat and lung affections. One bottle of this reliable remedy will effect a cure. Price 25c.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by L. Taggart.

v31-n40-1y

The Pennsylvania Man Hunt.

The man-hunt in Pennsylvania will cease operations until the 7th of January, when the Supreme Court will take action, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Senator Quay has been hunted by masked pursuers, and now he faces them and demands to know who they are, and for what reason they are bombarding him with their malice and their hatred. He would like to know what political conspiracy it is that seeks to make him a victim. Two justices of the Supreme Court have been so much impressed with the complaint of Quay's lawyers that the case against the Senator has no sure foundation to rest on, and that it is persecution rather than prosecution, that they have stopped the man-hunt for a month and have summoned the District Attorney to show why it should be permitted to go on.

The People's Bank failed in March, and it was not until October that the suit was entered against him. He owed the bank nothing, not a single penny was lost through him, and Judge Gordon, who was thoroughly conversant with the bank's affairs in March, apparently saw nothing illegal in Quay's private dealing with the bank, else he would, of course, have given information to the District Attorney. For more than six months the District Attorney was kept in total ignorance, although one of his own assistants, Mr. Barlow, was the receiver. Suddenly, in the midst of a hot election, when Quay was being attacked from the Swallow, Jenks and Wanamaker stumps, some persons too cowardly to reveal their identity to the public began the man-hunt, secured the aid of the District Attorney and turned loose the torrent of abuse and villification.

Who are the persons engaged in this man-hunt? They are not connected with the People's Bank, for the bank has never lost a cent through Quay. The receiver is not connected with the prosecution, for Qnay owes the bank nothing, and the receiver could not possibly bring a suit either criminally or civilly. If neither the president nor the receiver nor the directors are interested, then, of course, the prosecutors are outsiders, and they have no object other than a political one. The case therefore becomes purely a man-hunt, and those who are engaged in the man-hunt, fearing probably that the hunters might speedily become the hunted, the pursuers the pursued, have carefully shielded themselves and have not dared to face the music.

The object of the man-hunt is, of course, the defeat of Quay for re-election. The hope has been to stampede the Legislature, but the thing has been overdone. The character-assassins have succeeded, not in injuring Quay, but in making a martyr of him, and there can be no longer even a reasonable doubt of his triumphant election by the Legislature. It is a most unusual thing for the Supreme Court to halt a trial and bring the whole case up for review, and the fact that members of the highest judicial body in the State have felt obliged to take such summary action should open the eyes of the people of Pennsylvania to the real situation.

A most interesting story of political conspiracy will develop itself when the trial moves along, and we greatly mistake if this man-hunt does not yield one of the greatest boomerangs on record.

Two Pointed Questions Answered.

What is the use of making a better article than your competitor if you can not get a better price for it?

Ans.—As there is no difference in the price, so that while our profits may be smaller on a single sale they will be much greater in the aggregate.

How can you get the public to know your make is the best?

If both are brought prominently before the public both are certain to be tried and the public will very quickly pass judgment on them and use only the better one.

This explains the large sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The people have been using it for years and have found that it can always be depended upon. They may occasionally take up with some fashionable novelty put forth with exaggerated claims, but are certain to return to the one remedy that they know to be reliable, and for coughs, colds and croup there is nothing equal to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by L. Taggart.

Dec

Ladies' Misses' and Children's coats and capes, at the M. C. Tulis store. Cheap in price but good in value. 3t

History will tell about "Dewey" Hobson, Sampson and Americans protecting themselves from serious throat diseases by using "Armstrong's Diphtheria and Quinsey Drops." The greatest throat remedy in the world. Sold by druggist, R. C. Dodson. 6ly

Letters to S. Clause, Esq., are going by the star route.

CELERY KING
NATURE'S CURE

Headache for Forty Years.

For forty years I suffered from sick headache. A year ago I began using Celery King. The result was gratifying and surprising, my headaches leaving at once. The headaches used to return every seventh day, but thanks to Celery King, I have had but one headache in the last eleven months. I know that what cured me will help others.—Mrs. John D. Van Keuren, Saugerties, N. Y.

Celery King for the Nerves, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is sold in 50c. and 25c. packages by druggists and dealers. 2

R. C. Dodson, Emporium, Pa.

PERMANENT POSITIONS

for a few men and women who have plenty of energy and business ability, to hire and superintend agents. $40 a month and all expenses at the start.

P. W. ZIEGLER & CO.,
40-4t 216 Locust St., Philada.

ELECTION NOTICE.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Emporium, Pa., December 7th, 1898.

THE annual meeting of the Stockholders for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be laid before them, will be held at the Bank on Tuesday, January 10th, 1899, between the hours of one and three in the afternoon. Polls close at three.

41-6t. M. P. WHITING, Cashier.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of ELLIOTT L. CHAPMAN, Deceased.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of Elliott L. Chapman, late of Lumber township, Cameron county, Pennsylvania, deceased have been granted to John Chapman, residing in said township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands, will make known the same without delay.

JOHN CHAPMAN,
Administrator.

B. W. GREEN,
C. W. SHAFFER,
Attorneys.
November 10, 1898. 38-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of T. H. BELANGER, deceased.

Letters of Administration on the estate of T. H. Belanger, late of Emporium, Cameron county, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to James P. McNarney, residing in said Borough, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands, will make known the same without delay.

J. P. McNARNEY,
Administrator.

JOHNSON & McNARNEY, Attorneys.
November 25th, 1898.—40-6t.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN CURES INDIGESTION.

M. A. ROCKWELL.

Pleases The Most Fastidious

Fastidious persons who enjoy toothsome delicacies are connoiseurs in the Sweetmeats Line, but even the most critical of these place the stamp of approval on

BIRCHARD'S CELEBRATED CANDIES . . . . .

For which M. A. ROCKWELL, "The Druggist," is agent. Splendid Christmas Presents there—and good and pretty, too.

Best Perfumes AND SACRET POWDERS,

From the Leading Manufacturers of the World.

Look at Our Goods Before Purchasing Elsewhere.

M. A. ROCKWELL.

THE FAIR

H. A. ZARPS & CO., Proprietors,

EMPORIUM, PA.

—WE HAVE COMMENCED—

OUR HOLIDAY SALE.

OUR great store room presents an appearance never witnessed in any country town and we do not hesitate to compare our line of Holiday Goods and Novelties with those displayed in many city stores. We have everything you want in the Holiday line. We have articles that will make suitable presents for young ladies and gentlemen. You will find handsome articles for your father mother, husband, wife or lover. We have the goods and our large floor space, 50x150 feet is litterally packed from floor to ceiling with all that's abeautiful, cheap and durable.

DINNER SETS and China for Christmas Gifts. Never a housekeeper who had too much China. Always appropriate for holiday giving. Beauty and usefullness here combined. Not even a newspaper could give a complete description of this department

LAMPS. Speaking of Lamps we are reminded that $5 to $8 no will secure a lamp that in every way looks the equal of one that cost $25 only a few years ago.

ALLUMINUM and Plated Ware sils we are selling great quantities of of the most celebrated make of goods. We are not favorable to the cheap makes of this class of goods with which the country is flooded.

TOYS for the Tots Children must have plaything. Come and see all the games and toys we have to show. No trouble to have children interested in playthings if the proper kinds are provided. Even 5 and 10 cents will buy some very instructive and helpf Toys and Games ro m our counters.

We have dolls of all the different kinds that are manufactured and the way we keep filling up the stock as they are sold you would think we run a doll factory.

CANDY Department 10c, per lb. pure, Candy not surpassed for the price anywhere. We always carry an up to date line of pure confectionery and as heretofore we will give half pound of good candy to every purchaser of $1.00's worth of goods at our store.

CELLULOID Novelties. 5 and 10 cents to as many dollars. Dressing Cases, Glove Boxes, Music Rolls, Fancy Baskets, Manicure Sets, Photograph Albums, Fancy Box Paper, Uwbrellas and Stamped Linens.

SILVER Novelties. We have the largest and hand somest line, embracing hundreds of handsome Novelties. The prices are right, too.

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.
Iron Wagons,
Baskets,
Toy Forts,
Children's Brooms,
Doll Shoes,
Jewel Cases,
Roaming Teams,
Artillery Banks,
Railroad Trains,
Toy Watches,
Pocket Books,
Paint Boxes,
Drawing Slates,
Horns,
Boats,
Toy Dogs,
Ships,
Horses and Carts,
Tin Horses and Wagons,
Toy Sprinklers,
Sleds,
All kind of Games,
Books, for Young and Old,
Mouth Organs,
Dominoes,
Wheelbarrows,
Blocks,
Checkers,
Toy Flat Irons,
Tin Stoves,
Doll Carriages,
Carts,
Blackboards,
Dolls,
Rocking Horses,
Drums,
Doll Chairs,
Whips,
Toy Guns.

PICTURES. We have the cream of the pictures that are selling this year. Don't wait too long before you see them.

Medallions, Etchings and Photographs in varied styles of Frames. Beauties, all of them.

Great big handsome presents for little money. Pictures for the Parlor, Dining Room, Library and Bed Room.

BARGAINS. China Cups and Saucers that cannot be duplicated at the price. Come and see how nicely they are decroated. More than one style, too. Decorated Plates 5c and up to as many dollars each. Christmas Tree Ornaments, etc. Poems, Bibles and all the standard works.

The general prosperity all over the country indicates an unusually large Holiday business. We are now ready for it. It's not so much what we say, but what we do, that gives this store a place in the front rank of up to date merchandising.

It's folly to advertise great and wonderful things and then not have the goods or store to back it up.

We extend to you greetings. A merry Christmas month to all. With full confidence in you, we have provided a stock which we would never have dared to buy only that we believe we merit your confidence in us. We feel confident that we can care for you better than ever before.

H. A. ZARPS & CO.

THE LEADING

Dry Goods House.

HOLIDAY NEWS IN THE CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

Ladies elegant Winter Coats from $5.00 up. Bargains which will find ready and quick buyers in Emporium's great cloak store. Jackets and Coats for Misses and Children. Ladies' Capes, Jackets, Collarettes and Boas. Ladies' Wrappers, Wool Waists, Single Skirts and Night Dresses.

THE CARPET AND CURTAIN STORE.

This is also the Carpet and Curtain store—nothing befor a Christmas present for your wife or friend than a fine Carpet an a beautiful Lace Curtains.

Oil Cloths and Window Shades in abundance.

DRESS GOODS. DRESS GOODS.

This is the House for bargains in Dress Goods. You can find here just what you want, and the price you want and please don't forget this is the House for Underwear, Hosiery, Blankets, Comforts, Notions, Handkerchiefs, Umbrellas, Corsets. Showing more new goods all the time than any other store. Christmas is not three weeks off. Hardly believe it; do you? Calenders are not wrong, surely. Monday will be the day observed. A world of getting ready to be done—and next to no time for the doing. Jolly, happy, hurry thought. Half the pleasure is in getting ready, and this store is so helpful—so much here that is suggestive amid the tiring, hurry days. Standard designs—December patterns and fashion sheets now open. Fashion sheets, free to all.

CALL AND INSPECT OUR STOCK.

H. C. OLMSTED,

Emporium, Pa.

EMPORIUM
MILLING COMPANY.

PRICE LIST.

Emporium, Pa., Oct. 19, 1898.

NEMOPHILA, per sack,	$1 20
Graham, "	60
Rye "	60
Buckwheat, "	65
Patent Meal, "	40
Coarse Meal, per 100,	90
Chop Feed, "	90
Middlings, "	1 00
Bran, "	90
Corn, per bushel,	50
White Oats, per bushel,	40
Choice Clover Seed, Choice Timothy Seed, Choice Millet Seed, Fancy Kentucky Blue Grass,	At Market Prices.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by postal card, or letter, personally.

B. W. Green visited Baltimore this week.

Mrs. Lindley Beattie is visiting in Buffalo.

Wm. McDonald visited Austin on Tuesday.

N. N. Metcalf, of Austin, visited in town on Monday.

Misses De[illegible] and Nellie Clare, of Cameron, visited Emporium Monday.

J. B. Schriever has made his wife happy by presenting her a handsome piano.

J. P. Felt and family departed Monday for their Florida home to pass the winter.

Miss Laura McQuay and Miss Nellie Lingle were PRESS office callers on Monday.

L. J. Housler, of Pancoast, Pa., a former resident of Emporium, will read the PRESS for 1899.

Johnnie and Willie Welsh of this place visited their grand-parents at Sterling on Monday.

Fritz Seger and J. L. Wheeler visited Elk county on Sunday and enjoyed a forty mile sleigh ride.

Miss Agnes Wade, of Sterling, Run, spent Sunday in Emporium the guest of her sister, Mrs. Welsh.

Walter McCaslin returned home on Saturday from Blairstown Academy, to spend the holidays with his parents.

Don M. Larrabee and sister Miss Marrion are taking in the sights at Philadelphia, Washington and other points.

Chas. Howard returned on Monday from the University of Princeton to spend the holidays with his mother, Mrs. Geo. Howard.

Clark G. H. Chapman, son of A. Chapman, has had a serious time with mumps, but is now improving under Dr. Heilman's care.

Harry Hemphill informs us that he has been keeping bachelor's hall the past few days, his wife having visited DuBois relatives over Sunday.

Chas. W. Williams, of Mason Hill, was in town on Monday and called to see the PRESS. He remembred the printer and pushed his PRESS ahead another year.

Hon. Henry W. Williams, formerly President Judge of this Judicial district has recently been elected Grand Master at the session of the Masonic Grand Lodge.

Miss Gertrude M. Edmundson, who organized the Literary Club at this place, is in town in the interest of the Club. She favored the PRESS with a visit on Tuesday.

Our good friend Joseph Farley, of Mason Hill, was calling on old acquaintances, and making new ones, in town on Monday. We are always glad to meet you, friend.

Miss Nina Bryan returned from Erie last Friday evening, where she has been attending school. Miss Mame Logan, after visiting a few days in Erie, returned home with her.

Street Commissioner Haviland will see that property owners keep their walks free from snow and ice or know the reason why. Go for them, James, that's what you are appointed for.

R. C. Dodson now has one of the neatest drug stores in the county, recently fitted up for his especial use. Carpenter Weeks was the architect and builder of the interior decorations.

Alex. McInnes, Jr., who lives in the Mayze residence on Fourth street, is singing altogether a new tune and one not calculated for the church choir. A beautiful little boy made its advent at his home Sunday morning.

E. G. Coleman, the genial Secretary and Treasurer of Climax Powder Co., dropped in to see the PRESS on Monday and, with his usual promptness, pushed the date ahead another year on his PRESS.

County Treasurer W. L. Thomas is busy at work putting his office in shape for transferring the same to his successor. Cameron county never had a more obliging and competent official and he leaves the office with the good will and respect of all citizens.

Hon. Sol. Ross, of Wharton, was in Emporium last Friday, shaking hands with old friends and telling them to "come over to Potter county and learn how to defeat the Democrats." The Judge, when he resided here, was a pretty good Republican, but now he is simply red-hot. He says when Quay is re-elected he will be satisfied. Don't fret, Judge, Quay will get there with both feet, in spite of bargain-counter tactics. It's the old game.

Mrs. Jennie Krapft, *nee* Narby, who has been spending the past year with her parents in this place, left on Tuesday for Tampa, Fla., to join her husband, who has been compelled to remain in the south, in order to prolong his life. Mrs. Krapft and two children, who accompanied J. P. Felt and family South, have the best wishes of their Emporium friends who hope the change of climate may be beneficial to Mr. Krapft.

John Kibe, who resides on West Fifth street rejoices over the arrival of a great big twelve pound boy at his home. He says they are so many unreliable Republicans creeping into the West Ward and his home will soon add at least one Simon pure Republican. Good for John.

Sheriff Mundy, accompanied by Deputies Jos. Friendell and F. P. Rentz, took four prisoners to the Western Penitentiary on Monday. They returned last night, having landed their men safely in the pen.

Our greatly esteemed townsman Dan'l Downey is visiting his old home in Lancaster county. He will also visit his son at Harrisburg before returning.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Newton will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, at their residence on West Allegany Avenue, on Dec. 30th.

Frank McGloin, Jr., of Ridgway, was in town on Wednesday calling on friends, while on his way home from Niagara University.

Ed T. Dougherty returned from Carlisle last week, where he is attending Dickinson College. He will graduate next June.

Ralph Davison returned home from State College last evening, to spend the Holiday vacation with his parents and friends.

Miss Flossie Taggart returned on Tuesday, from Oberlin (Ohio) College, to spend the Holidays with her parents.

Miss M. Grace, of Rochester, N. Y., is spending the Holidays in Emporium, guest of Miss Nellie Hamilton.

Mrs. S. C. Hyde returned to Emporium yesterday and is guest of her daughter, Mrs. T. F. Moore.

Miss Rose Bair will attend Lock Haven Normal School, next term, and fit herself for teaching.

A. O. Swartwood cut his left hand severely, while handling a butcher knife, on Tuesday.

Fred Johnson came home from school this morning to spend the Holidays with his father.

Mr. P. O. Chilson, of Third street, is quite seriously ill.

W. H. Howard is visiting in Pittsburg.

We will not issue the PRESS next week. Compliments of the season to our readers.

Rich Valley.

Mr. John McClenahan moved to Beechwood, Monday.

Miss Dessi Lewis visited her sister, Mrs. Geo. Huffman, the first of the week.

Mr. Joseph Housler, of Lock Haven, was seen on our streets the first of the week.

Quite a number of Valleyites attended court this week, at the county seat.

Grandma Lucore who has been visiting her grandaughter for some time, returned to her home at the Four Mile, Tuesday.

Mrs. Wilbert Lewis and Mrs. Morris Lewis are both seriously ill at this writing.

Quite a number of the Valley people attended church on North Creek, Sunday.

We learn that C. Craven has sold one of his driving horses to a party at Emporium.

TRIX.

Beechwood.

First Speaker—Where is that crowd bound for?

Second Speaker—Why Beechwood, to be sure.

Fritz Sanford is working for Henry Young, of Big Run.

That dreaded disease, typhoid fever, is again in our midst.

James Bodel and family moved to Lock Haven last week.

Casper Sipple, of Howard, transacted business here last Monday.

Sylvester Beldin, of More Hill, passed through our town on Monday.

Mrs. Bennett of Patterson, N. J., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wiley.

Miss Phoebe Prentiss, of Austin, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Sanford, of the East Ward.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co., have finished loading ice at this place, for this season.

Since hunting season has closed we are led to inquire, where is that jolly crowd of sportsmen?

"Jack" Rhodes has accepted a position as secretary and general business manager for C. R. Kline.

Dr. Dumbolten has purchased a fine driving horse from the well known horseman, Bush, of this place.

Messrs. W. J. and George Leavitt are spending their holiday vacation here with friends and relatives.

The many friends of Mr. David Kirkpatrick will be pleased to learn that he is recovering from his prolonged illness.

The Methodist conference was held in the M. E. Church last Monday at 10:30 a. m. Rev. Johnston, of Emporium, presiding.

The Rev. Hopkins, of Hopkinsville, preached an eloquent sermon to a large congregation, in the Methodist church last Sunday.

The well known lumber firm, Curtis & Son, is doing a rushing business this winter and their teams may be seen coming into Beechwood at almost any time during the day.

The Beechwood manufacturing company has a large force of men employed for the purpose of renovating the old mill, in which they expect to manufacture excelsior, soon.

The large amount of work that is going on here abouts reminds one slightly of the days when Beeckwood and Truman were in their ancient glory and the hum of machinery and the ring of the woodman's axe could be heard for miles up and down this valley.

OLD RUBBER-NECK.

Dec. 19, 1898.

Buckwalter.

Everybody smiles when the pay car passes.

Mr. Richard Bliss has moved to Beechwood.

Mrs. Fisher paid St. Marys a visit last Friday.

Clate Toner was seen on our streets last week.

The revival meeting was closed last Saturday evening.

Milfred Bliss spent Sunday with the Norton family.

Mrs. John Hogan was in St. Marys last Wednesday.

Farmer Hopkins is the most industrious man on our creek.

A. Kresge spent last week in Emporium attending court.

Mrs. W. C. Heath was a visitor to St. Marys last Wednesday.

Beldins' of Moore Hill, are filling Sipple's ice house on shares.

Mrs. Martin Lawson was a visitor to St. Marys last Wednesday.

Arthur Norton came home to spend Sunday with the old folks.

Mr. Thomas Norton was a visitor at Emporium one day last week.

Frank Easterbrooks was seen around our burg one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Van Lew drove through our city on Monday.

Mr. Martin Lawson's mother is spending the holidays at this place.

Bert Easterbrooks was up from West Creek looking over the town.

Everybody on West Creek should have a clean pair of socks for Saturday.

Chas. Welsh, all-around sport, made a business trip to the county seat.

Mrs. Henry Wadner made a short stay at the county seat one day last week.

Mr. Eo. Gregory, of Emporium was seen on our [illegible] s the first of the week.

Wm. Cramer and Mr. Evans, of Emporium, passed through our burg last Monday.

Martin had the grey out on Saturday seeing what time he could make on the snow flakes.

Everybody drop in the school house Saturday evening at 7:30 p.m., and see old Santa Claus

Mr. Thomas claims that he doesn't think he will have a feast on ducks this Xmas—too many good hunters.

Farmer Kresge and farmer Sipple drove to Emporium on Sunday to attend the Free Methodist conference.

We are sorry to learn that some kind of a disease has taken the lives of three very fine pigs of Mike Hilliard's.

Miss Fanny Lyons and Mrs. Close made a business trip to Emporium last Saturday in behalf of our Xmas tree.

Fred Norton, candidate for road supervisor was telling the boys he knew how to make roads that no matter how wet it is, the mud will not splash.

W. C. Heath is receiving orders every day for Belgian hare and the demand is so great that he is unable to fill them. What's the matter with Buckwalter's industries.

There were burglars at the residence of Mr. John Hogan, the other night and it not been for the bravery of John, they would have relieved him of his check. Buckwalter should have a night police.

SNOW BALL.

Some bracelets are so heavy that were they not in the jewelry class women would regard them as handcuffs.

GETTING READY

Every expectant mother has a trying ordeal to face. If she does not

get ready for it, there is no telling what may happen. Child-birth is full of uncertainties if Nature is not given proper assistance.

Mother's Friend

is the best help you can use at this time. It is a liniment, and when regularly applied several months before baby comes, it makes the advent easy and nearly painless. It relieves and prevents "morning sickness," relaxes the overstrained muscles, relieves the distended feeling, shortens labor, makes recovery rapid and certain without any dangerous after-effects.

Mother's Friend is good for only one purpose, viz.: to relieve motherhood of danger and pain.

One dollar per bottle at all drug stores, or sent by express on receipt of price.

FREE BOOKS, containing valuable information for women, will be sent to any address upon application to

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.,
Atlanta, Ga.

Dr. Fenner's
Kidney & Backache
CURE.

An agreeable combination of the most efficient known remedial agents for the cure o **Kidney, Bladder, Urinary** and **Uterine** diseases.

A desire to make too frequent or scanty urine. Bed wetting by children, lame back, dropsy, Brights disease, female weaknesses are cured by this great medicine.

This is no new discovery but has been used in private practice for more than thirty (30) years by one of America's most successful physicians.

In order to extend to a wider usefulness a medicine that has produced such benificent results in a limited sphere, we find it necessary to advertise. Experience teaches that merit alone is not sufficient to bring to the people knowledge of the wonderful curative powers of this extraordinary preparation.

The strongest proof of our faith in these goods is our statement: "if not satisfied after using one bottle your money will be refunded by

R. C. Dodson, Emporium, Pa.

HUMPHREYS'

WITCH HAZEL

OIL

CURES

Piles or Hemorrhoids
Fissures & Fistulas.
Burns & Scalds.
Wounds & Bruises.
Cuts & Sores.
Boils & Tumors.
Eczema & Eruptions.
Salt Rheum & Tetters.
Chapped Hands.
Fever Blisters.
Sore Lips & Nostrils.
Corns & Bunions.
Stings & Bites of Insects.

Three Sizes, 25c, 50c. and $1.00.

Sold by druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price

HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

Hacking
COUGH

A hacking cough is a grave-yard cough; the sooner you get rid of it the better. Don't wait until it develops into consumption, but use the celebrated Dr. John W. Bull's Cough Syrup at once. It is a wonderful remedy for all throat and lung affections, and will cure a deep-seated cough or cold in a few days. Good for old and young.

Dr. Bull's
Cough Syrup

Will cure a Hacking Cough.

Doses are small and pleasant to take. Doctors recommend it. Price 25 cents. At all druggists.

J. A. Fisher,
PRACTICAL
Horse Shoer,
Broad Street, Emporium, Pa.

WE ARE SELLING OUT REGARDLESS OF COST.

Opposite the Post Office,

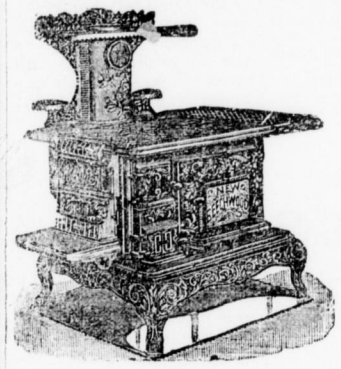
JOHN J. SOBLE.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN CURES CONSTIPATION.

LEADING HARDWARE HOUSE!

We extend our compliments to the citizens of Cameron and adjoining counties for their rapidly and increasing patronage. We would invite all to see our large display of GENERAL HARDWARE and BUILDERS' MATERIAL. We would call especial attention to our

COOKING, HEATING AND GAS STOVES



Comprising the best in the world. Our old and popular Store is headquarters for many useful articles and house-keepers should call and see what we have.

We again desire to call attention to our OIL and GAS STOVES. The Ladies delight.

THE WELSBACH LIGHT.

This popular light the great gas saver, is growing in popular with our people. All who desire to economize in gas bills should use these burners. Call and see them.

WALKER, HOWARD & CO.

TRUSTWORTHY STORE.

Dry Goods

GENERAL STORE

The holidays are now at hand and as usual, our line of holiday goods will be fully up to date.

In Corsets we handle the R. & G., Dr. Warner's Fetherbone and W. B. Cyclist.

Men's, Ladies' and Childrens' Underwear in cotton and wool.

We have an elegant assortment of China Ware and our prices are bound to sell the goods.

BALCOM & LLOYD.

Fourth Street, Emporium, Pa.

HONEST DEALING.

THE COMING WOMAN.

Coming across the eastern hills apace with
hastening morn,
In garments stainless as the light and radiant as the dawn,
With steadfest gaze, majestic mien,
And brow where wisdom sits serene.

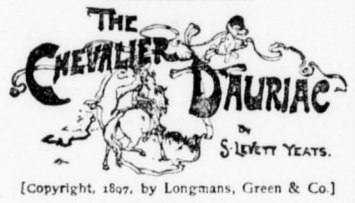
Before her evil flies, to hide in darkness far
away,
As flees the gloom of night before the swift
approach of day;
For heaven is in her shining eyes
As in the deeps of cloudless skies.

Sovereign of home's broad realm is she, and
fairer 'tis to-day
Because she rules within, yet far beyond
extends her sway;
For all the world shall better be,
And holier, for her ministry.

And little children round her throng listening for her voice,
Whose sweet-toned cadences their hearts
encourage and rejoice;
Her swift, light footsteps to and fro
On missions of sweet mercy go.

She lays her tender hand in love upon the
lone and sad,
And hearts unused to joy look up and looking are made glad;
Her very feet are shod with peace
Before which wars and tumults cease.

The star that gems her coronet is herald of
the day
When Christ shall claim His own again
and sin be swept away;
His handmaid, she shall sooner bring
The welcome coming of the King.
—Meta E. B. Thorne, in Banner of Gold.



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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I—D'Auriac, commanding outpost where scene is laid tells the story. De Gomeron has been appointed by Gen. de Rone to examine into a charge made against him. Nicholas, a sergeant, brings in two prisoners, a man and a woman, who are from the king's camp at Le Fere. D'Auriac, angered by insulting manner of de Gomeron toward the woman, strikes him. A duel follows, and during the commotion the prisoners escape. De Rone happens on the disorderly scene, and d'Auriac, upon giving his parole not to attempt escape, hears this remarkable sentence: "To-morrow....you must die on the field. Win or lose, if I catch you at the close of the day, I will hang you as high as Haman."

Chapter II—D'Auriac next morning takes his place as usual on de Rone's staff. In the course of his ride over the field he saves the life of Nicholas, the sergeant, who, a victim of de Gomeron's malice, is found in imminent danger of almost instant death.

Chapter III—After the battle in which King Henry utterly routs de Rone's forces, d'Auriac, lying severely wounded, sees the forms of a man and woman moving under cover of the night among the dead and wounded. They find a golden collar on de Leyva's corpse, and Babette stabs Mauginot (her partner) to gain possession of the prize. After this hideous scene Henry with a retinue, among whom is the fair prisoner who had escaped from the hand of de Gomeron, rides over the field.

Chapter IV—D'Auriac in the hospital of Ste. Genevieve discovers his unknown friend is the heiress of Bidache. She visits him daily, and when he is well enough is taken to her Normandy chateau where he arrives shortly before noon.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

A turn in the avenue at this moment brought us in full view of the gray walls of Bidache, and on the wide stone staircase that led to the great hall we saw the servants of the household assembled. Madame waved her hand in greeting, and the cheer which broke from them was drowned in the boom of the bombard from the keep. As the blue wreaths of smoke curled upward, a little ball ran to the top of the flagstaff on the keep, and the next moment the banner of Tremouille, with the arms of Rochemars of Bidache quartered thereon, spread out its folds to the morning, and madame was come home once more.

We dined an hour or so later than usual—madame, d'Ayen, Palin and myself at the high table, and the rest of the household with all Bidache at the next. Madame, who seemed in nowise fatigued with her long ride, was in the gayest of spirits and rippled with talk. As if thinking she had punished d'Ayen enough she directed all her conversation towards him, and the old beau was in his element in discussing the intrigues of court life, and let me add interesting, for his memory went far back.

At last the dinner came to a close, and Palin, rising, opened his lips in a long thanksgiving, to which all, madame included, listened devoutly. Our hostess then retired, and we three were left together in an absolute silence. Had it been any other place, I would have felt bound to call D'Ayen to account, and ask him to name a proxy if he was unable to meet me by reason of his age. But as it was, this was impossible, and I contented myself with a frigid reserve, in which I was joined by the Huguenot. He looked from one to the other of us with a satirical smile on his thin lips, and then rising made a slight bow, and left us to ourselves. As we returned to our seats from our response to his greeting, I blurted out the questions:

"Who is M. d'Ayen? Why is he here?"

"Who is he? It is enough to say he is one of those men who live on the follies of kings. And it is enough to say that his company is forced upon us."

"I have heard that before; but madame seemed to like him well enough at dinner." I felt I was wrong as I said this; but the words came out.

"He is here by the king's orders—by the order of Henry the Great," said Palin, with bitterness; "monsieur, you seem a man of honor. What do you think of a king who would force a marriage on a woman to—" and he whispered words in my ear which struck me speechless.

I could not believe him. It was incredible. Was this the hero king—the gallant soldier—the father of his people? It could not be true.

Palin saw the doubt on my face.

"Even you," he said, "will go to Paris and see."

"I shall go—I am going to-day."

"It will be at the risk of your life."

"Maitre Palin, there is the king's peace—and even if it were not so I will go."

He looked at me long and attentively.

"Let it be so," he muttered to himself, and then loudly: "Well, chevalier, I have warned you—if you go you will want a safe lodging—seek out Pantin in the Rue des Deux Mondes, and mention my name. The house faces the Pont Neuf, you can't miss it."

"Thank you, I will do so."

Then after a few minutes more of talk we wished each other good-by and parted.

As for myself I was on the cross with what I had heard My mind was racked with doubt, and at last, in despair, I sought my own room to think over the matter. I could make nothing of it, turn which way I would. To me Palin's story was incredible. But yet it explained and made clear so much! It was not to offer my sword to the king that I would now go to Paris. It would be to save the woman I loved, if possible. How I was to do this, I had no definite idea—the one thing at present in my mind was Paris—Paris. I therefore gave the necessary orders to Jacques to make ready to start at once, and, descending the winding staircase of the tower wherein my room lay, sought the great hall with the view of either finding madame there, or of sending some one with the request to permit my waiting on her to say good-by. The staircase ended in a long dark corridor, hung on each side with trophies of the chase, old armor, and frayed and tattered banners. At the end of this was an arched doorway, hidden by a heavy curtain. I lifted the curtain and passed into the great hall. At first I thought it was empty, but a second glance showed me madame, seated at a small table in the recess of the bow-window that overlooked the park. Her face, leaning on her hand, was half averted from me, and I caught a glimpse of a small foot resting on one of the lions' heads in which the legs of the table finished. The foot was beating up and down as if in unison with the impatience of madame's thoughts, but I could see nothing of her face beyond its contour. She was, as usual, robed in black, wearing no jewels except a gold collar round her neck. For a moment I stood in silence looking at her, half thinking that here was a chance to speak out what was in my heart, and then stilling the words by the thought of how impossible it was for a poor man to woo a rich woman.

As I stood, hat in hand, madame suddenly turned with a little start, and hastily concealed something as she caught sight of me. I went up at once, and she rose to meet me.

"I have come to say farewell, madame," and I held out my hand.

"So soon," she said, as she took it for a moment, her eyes not meeting mine.

"Yes—Paris is far—and it will be well for me to be there as quickly as possible."

"Paris! You are surely not—" and she stopped.

"Why not, madame?"

"O, I don't know," and hastily, "one sometimes says things that don't exactly convey one's meaning. But I can imagine why you go to Paris—you are tired of Bidache, and pine for the great city."

"It is not that, but," and I pointed to the rolling woods and wide lands that spread before us, "I have no responsibilities like these—and Auriac, which stands by the sea, takes care of itself—besides I have my way to make as yet."

"You have friends?"

"One, at any rate, and that was restored to me by you," and I glanced to the hilt of my sword.

She shook her head in deprecation.

"Very well, then, I will not recall it to you; but I can never forget—life is sweet of savor, and you gave it back to me. We will meet again in Paris—till then, good-by."

"At the Louvre?" As she glanced up at me, trying to smile, I saw her eyes were moist with tears, and then—but the wide lands of Bidache were before me, and I held myself in somehow.

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

I turned and, without another look, passed out of the hall. As I went down the stairway I saw on the terrace to my right the figure of d'Ayen. He had changed his costume to the slashed and puffed dress which earned for the gay gentlemen of Henry's court the nickname "Bergarrets," from M. de Savoye's caustic tongue, and his wizened face stood out of his snowy ruff in all the glow of its fresh paint. With one foot resting on the parapet, he was engaged in throwing crumbs to the peacocks that basked on the turf beneath him. I would have passed, but he called out:

"M. le Chevalier—a word."

"A word only then, sir—I am in haste."

"A bad thing, haste," he said, staring at me from head to foot. "These woods would fetch a good price—would they not?" and he waved his hand toward the wide stretching forest.

"You mistake, M. d'Ayen. I am not a timber merchant."

"O! A good price," he went on, not heeding my reply, "M. le Chevalier, I was going to say, I will have them down when I am master here. They obstruct the view."

I could have flung him from the terrace, but held myself in and turned on my heel.

"Adieu, chevalier!" he called out after me, "and remember what I have said."

I took no notice. The man was old and his gibing tongue his only weapon. I ran down the steps to where Jacques was, ready for me with the horses. Springing into the saddle, I put spurs to the beast, and we dashed down the avenue.

CHAPTER V.

A GOOD DEED COMES HOME TO ROOST.

We dashed through the streets of Bidache, arousing the village dogs, asleep in the yellow sunlight, to a chorus of disapprobation. About a dozen sought to revenge their disturbed slumbers, and, following the horses, snapped viciously at their heels; but we soon distanced them, and, flinging a curse or so after us in dog language, they gave up the pursuit and returned to blink away the afternoon. It was my intention to keep to the right of Ivry, and, after crossing the Eure, head straight for Paris, which I would enter either by way of Versailles or St. Germains, it mattered little what road, and there was plenty of time to decide.

For a league or so we galloped along the undulating ground which sloped toward the ford near Ezy; but as we began to approach the river, the country, studded with apple orchards and trim with hedgerows of holly and hawthorn, broke into a wild and rugged moorland, intersected by ravines, whose depths were concealed by a tall undergrowth of Christ's thorn and hornbeam, whilst beyond this, in russet, in somber greens, and grays that faded into absolute blue, stretched the forests and woods of Anet and Croth-Sorel.

As we slid, rather than rode, down one of these banks, my horse cast a shoe, and this put a stop to any further hard riding, until the mishap could be repaired.

"There is a smith at Ezy, monsieur," said Jacques, "where we can get what we want done, and then push on to Rouvres, where there is good accommodation at the Grand Cerf."

In this manner we jogged along, making but slow progress, and the sun was setting when we came into view of the willow-lined banks of the Eure and entered the walnut groves of the outlying forest in which Ezy lay. As we approached we saw that the village was three parts deserted, and the ruined orchards and smokeless chimneys told their own tale. Turning a bend of the grass-grown road we came upon a few children shaking walnuts from a tree, about 200 paces from us, whilst a man and a woman stood hard by observing them. At the sight of us the woman turned to the man with an alarmed gesture, and he half drew a sword—we saw the white flash—and then, changing his mind, ran off into the forest. The children followed suit, sliding down the trunk of the tree and fleeing into the brushwood, looking for all the world like little brown rabbits as they dashed into the gaps in the thorn.

As for the woman, she turned slowly, and began to walk toward the village.

"They are very bashful here, Jacques," I said, quickening my pace.

"Except the lady, monsieur," and then we trotted up alongside her.

Reining in, I asked if she could direct me to the blacksmith's, for there

"I WILL GUIDE YOU."

seemed no sign of a forage about. She made no answer, but stopped and stared at us through her hair, which fell in thick masses over her forehead and neck. As she did this I saw that she appeared to be of the superior peasant class, but evidently sunk in poverty. She was young and her features were so correct that, with circumstances a little altered, she would have been more than ordinarily good looking. At present, however, the face was wan with privation, and there was a frightened look in her eyes. I repeated my question in as gentle a tone as I could command, and she found tongue.

"Monsieur—pardon—I will guide you."

"O! That is all very well," began Jacques, but I interrupted him, wondering a little to myself what this meant.

"Very well, and thanks."

She dropped a courtesy, and then asked, with a timid eagerness:

"Monsieur does not come from the Blaisois?"

"Ma foi! No! This is hardly the way from the Orleannois—but lead on, please, it grows late."

She glanced up again, a suspicion in her eyes, and then without another word went on before us. We followed her down the winding, grass-grown lane, past a few straggling cottages where not a soul was visible, and up through the narrow street, where the sight of us drove the few wretched inhabitants into their tumble-down houses, as if we had the plague itself at our saddle bows. Finally we stopped before a cottage of some pretensions to size, but decayed and worn, as all else was in this village, which seemed but half alive. Over the entrance to the cottage hung a faded signboard, marking that it was the local hostelry, and to the right was a small shed, apparently used as a workshop, and here the smith was, seated on a rough bench, gazing into space.

He rose at our approach and made as if he would be off; but his daughter, as the young woman turned out to be, gave him a sign to stay, and he halted muttering something I could not catch, and as I looked at the gloomy figure of the man, and the musty inn, I said out loud: "Morbleu! But it is well we have time to mend our trouble and make Rouvres—thanks, my girl," and bending from the saddle, I offered our guide a coin. She fairly snatched at it, and then, coloring up, turned and ran into the inn. I threw another coin to the smith, and bade him set about shoeing the horse.

He shuffled this way and that and answered dully that he would do the job willingly, but it would take time—two hours.

"But it will be night by then," I expostulated, "and I have to go on—I cannot stay here."

"As monsieur chooses," answered the clod; "but you see—I have nothing ready—and I am slow now—I cannot help it."

"This is a devil of a place," I exclaimed, resigning myself to circumstances, and dismounting, handed the reins to Jacques. As I did so I heard voices from the inn, one apparently that of a girl, and the other that of a man, and it would seem that she was urging something; but what it was I could not catch, nor was I curious as to the point of discussion; but it struck me that as we had to wait here two hours it would be well to inquire if I could get some refreshments for ourselves, and a feed for the beasts. For answer to my question I got a gruff "go and ask my daughter," from the smith, who turned as he spoke and began to fumble with his tools. I felt my temper rising hotly, but stayed my arm, and bidding Jacques keep an eye on the horses stepped toward the door of the inn. As I put my hand on it to press it open, some one from within made an effort to keep it shut; but I was in no mood to be trifled with further, and, pushing back the door without further ceremony, stepped in. In doing so I thrust some one back a yard or so, and found that it was the girl, who was trying to bar me out. Ashamed of the violence I had shown I began to apologize, whilst she stood before me rubbing her elbow, and her face flushed and red. The room was bare and drear beyond description. There were a couple of rough tables, a chair or so, an iron pot simmering over a fire of green wood, whose pungent odor filled the chamber. In a corner a man lay apparently asleep, a tattered cloak drawn over his features, so as to entirely conceal them. I felt in a moment that this was the stranger who had fled on our approach and that he was playing fox. Guessing there was more behind this than appeared, but not showing my suspicions in the least, I addressed the girl:

"I am truly sorry and hope you are not hurt; had I known it was you I should have been gentler. I have but come to ask if I can get some wine for ourselves and food for the horses."

"It is nothing," she stammered, "I am not hurt. There is but a little soup here, and for the horses—the grass that grows outside."

"There is some wine there at any rate," and I rested my eye on a horn cup, down whose side a red drop was trickling, and then let it fall on the still figure in the corner of the room. "There is no fear," I continued, "you will be paid. I do not look like a gentleman of the road, I trust."

She shrank back at my words, and it appeared as if a hand moved suddenly under the cloak of the man, who lay feigning sleep in the room, and the quick movement was as if he had clutched the haft of a dagger.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Uncle Knew It All.

I was stopping at the Arlington, at Augusta, and I fancied that I had been preaching long enough to have preacher ways and preacher looks, but I was mistaken. An old darky approached and with an apologetical pull at his hat said: "Boss, kin you tell me whar I kin git er set er de minuits er de meetin'? Brer Jeems Henry, he say he want er set an' he ax me ter git 'em fer him."

I told him where he could get the minutes, and he thanked me, after which he said: "Boss, when de bishop gwinter preach?"

"We have no bishop," I replied.

"Yasser, I know dat; course I know dat; but I mean de bigges' one er you all, de president; when he gwinter preach?"

"Oh, he's not a preacher. That's ex-Gov. Northen."

"Is dat a fack? Well, sah, I voted for dat man, but I tell you, sah, I laks de way dat man talks frum de cheer, an' I wanter hear him preach. He sho' do talk lak a sponsible man."—Atlanta Journal.

Pun Made with Gravity.

Gen. John W. Norton is a clever punster. Some years ago a prominent young local attorney died of alcoholism. He was a talented chap, a brilliant orator and full of promise for the future. Gen. Noble was one of his best friends, and none regretted his sudden end more than did the ex-secretary. At a meeting of the bar which passed resolutions on his death the general was asked what he knew about the end of the young man. He knew no more than was reported in the newspapers at the time, and said so. "I wonder if he died hard?" suggested some one in the crowd after the meeting had adjourned. "No, he died in 'good spirits,'" remarked Gen. Noble, as seriously as if delivering a funeral oration. Then he added, in an undertone to a friend, who happened to be passing out with him: "I'd hate to have any of you fellows ask if I died hard some day when you are eulogizing me."—St. Louis Republic.

Didn't Live Up to It.

"I never made a promise that I did not live up to," she asserted proudly.

"No?" he said, inquiringly.

"No," she said, emphatically.

He made no reply. Argument, he knew, was useless. Facts alone would count. Therefore he hunted up a copy of the book of common prayer, and when he had found it he turned to the marriage service and where it says "love, honor and obey" he underscored the word "obey."

What happened after that is a matter that does not concern the public. It is enough to know that, while there was no doubt that he had proved his point, he deeply regretted having done so.—Chicago Post.

INTERESTING CAREER.

A. W. McCune, an Ambitious Utah Millionaire, Began Life as a Woodchopper.

"From woodchopper to United States senator." Such may be the fate of A. W. McCune, the millionaire railroad and mining operator of Salt Lake City, Utah, who wishes to succeed United States Senator Frank J. Cannon. If he does not win he will score his first failure.

Mr. McCune is to-day a most picturesque figure. Starting as a farmer's boy, he is now president of the Utah & Pacific Railroad company, owner of the famous Payne gold mine in British Columbia and the possessor of other

A. W. M'CUNE.
(Began Life as a Woodchopper and Is Now a Millionaire.)

varied and valuable interests. His income is variously estimated at from $50,000 to $100,000 per month. He probably gives away more to benevolent, charitable and church institutions than any half dozen men in the state.

McCune made his first big money by filling an immense timber contract for the Anaconda (Mont.) Mining company some years ago, despite the fact that his competitors predicted he had taken the contract at a figure that would result in a large loss.

A few months ago McCune appeared in the Third district court for Salt Lake county to justify on a $300,000 bond, and when asked his occupation replied: "I am a woodchopper."

He is everybody's friend, the same as he was eight years ago, when he wore a flannel shirt and overalls, and was hustling night and day to get a start in the world.

Mr. McCune resides in the Gardo house, commonly called "Amelia's palace," the magnificent residence erected by the late President Brigham Young for his favorite wife, Amelia. Three of the rooms are set apart for costly pieces of statuary which Mr. McCune purchased while in Europe.

Mr. McCune's parents were Mormons, but he has never been a churchman himself. His wife is an active member of the church, however.

MRS. SARAH TERRY.

She Is a Wife as Well as a Daughter of the Revolution, and Proud of Her 108 Years.

Sarah Terry is 108 years old, and she has just celebrated the anniversary of her birth by joining the Daughters of the Revolution. She is the only member of that honorable body who is not alone a daughter of the revolution but a wife of the revolution as well. Mrs. Terry lives with her granddaughter at 545 North Sixteenth street, Philadelphia. She personally knew George Washington and La Fayette, and says that the father of his country had twinkling eyes and that La Fayette had rosy cheeks. She remembers very distinctly when Queen Victoria was 12 years old, and recalls, as if it were yesterday, the return of the hero from

MRS. SARAH TERRY.
(She Is a Wife as Well as a Daughter of the Revolution.)

the war of 1812. She lived in Philadelphia at the time that Benjamin Franklin lived there, and she has seen the city grow and develop as has no other person. Mrs. Terry sits upon a great rocking chair and talks clearly about matters which she herself saw more than a century ago. And, although her hair is as white as it used to be black and her form bowed, her appetite is good and her brain clear. The Quaker city chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution is being congratulated on having acquired so very distinguished a member.

Glue Made from Seaweed.

A fresh use for seaweed is claimed to have been discovered by a Norwegian engineer, who exhibited an invention at the Stockholm exhibition for producing paper glue, dressing gum and soap from seaweed. The first establishment for this branch of manufacture is to be erected in the district of Stavanger.

Fasting Sects in India.

In fasting feats the sect of Jains, in India, is far ahead of all rivals. Fasts of from 30 to 40 days are common, and once a year they are said to abstain from food for 75 days.

$500 Reward

The above Reward will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who placed iron and slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near the east line of Franklin Housler's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891.

HENRY AUCHU,
President.

38-tf.

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THE undersigned has opened a first-class Liquor store, and invites the trade of Hotels, Restaurants, &c. We shall carry none but the best American and Imported

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THE HOPE OF THE CONTINENT.

Western Canada the "Bread-Basket of the Empire."

The attention directed to the wheat fields of western Canada during the past year has caused thousands of settlers from different parts of the United States to make their homes there during the past few months. They report that their experience corroborates what had been told them of that wonderful country, and they are sending back to their friends most favorable reports. During the past summer a number of Wisconsin and Michigan and Minnesota editors visited western Canada, and the following extracts are from a very flattering letter written to the Germania of Milwaukee by its able contributor, Prof. Sheridan.

"The numerous elevators along the line, towering so far above the surrounding country that they may be seen for many miles distant, sufficiently indicate that the chief industry is the growing of wheat. At the village of Indian Head, more than 1,000,000 bushels of wheat were marketed last year. This was but a fraction of the amount of the same product marketed at the larger cities of Brandon and Regina. At Indian Head the representative of the Germania was told by a farmer that he was about to harvest his third crop of wheat from the farm upon one plowing given it the fall of 1895; the crops of the current year and of last year having been sown upon the stubble of the preceding crop. This farmer expected a yield of not less than 40 bushels to the acre. The farms are very large. The absence of hills and rocks contributes to making farming on a large scale an easy matter. There was an abundance of evidence that the country surrounding the cities named above is an extensive region of fertile lands furnishing as great an opportunity for cattle raising and dairying as for the growing of wheat."

"We were surprised to find here a rich growth of nearly every species of cultivable plant known in Wisconsin. Various species of trees were growing, showing that its soil and its climate are favorable to the growth of forests. The writer had never seen a more promising growth of wheat, oats and garden vegetables than was observed here. The experimental farm of Wisconsin, located at Madison, produces nothing better."

"The people along the line of the railroad, however, assured us that we were still far distant from the northern limit of the wheat growing belt, and that 500 miles farther north, wheat and other agricultural products were cultivated with success. The inhabitants do not depend solely upon the growing of wheat, but utilize vast acres in raising cattle. The growing grain and vegetables showed that a plentiful supply of rain had fallen during the current year."

"From this city (Calgary) our party was taken north 200 miles to Edmonton, a town of 5,000 people, situated on the north Saskatchewan river. The country at this point is beautiful, presenting very much the appearance of many sections in central and southern Wisconsin. The people are engaged in mining for gold, and in raising wheat, potatoes and cattle. Dairying is also followed. This valley seems to be favored with sufficient rainfall to produce a luxuriant growth of grain and vegetables. The soil is very fertile and timber is abundant. Fields of wheat were observed that promise a yield of 40 bushels per acre. The many good farmhouses seen from the railway are evidence of the prosperity of the settlers. Edmonton is the terminus of the road and the place where the overland expeditions start from for the Yukon, it being about 800 miles from Dawson City."

"The members of the association made the acquaintance of the Canadians of the northwest and learned something of the vast extent of their territory and of its great resources, which are destined to make it our most formidable commercial competitor in the world's markets for the sale of agricultural products. We learned that the northwest territory of Canada, instead of being a barren waste as taught by our geographies of a quarter of a century ago, is capable of sustaining a empire of 50,000,000 people."

Blood.

The duke was beside himself with rage.

"Your family have only plebeian blood in their veins!" hissed his grace.

"Well, you ought to know; you've bled them enough," replied the duchess, the fair American—her mien quite in keeping with the haughty legend, "Non Cura, Non Merces," upon the trade-mark of her father's justly celebrated Combined Hair Vigor and Stove Polish.—Detroit Journal.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. Townsend, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

There is quite a difference between bonds and vagabonds.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Like Oil Upon Troubled Waters is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar upon a cold. Piso's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

For everyone who is robbed on the road 100 are in the inn.—Spanish Proverb.

As it certainly cures it, St. Jacobs Oil is The Master Cure for rheumatism.

The politician who cannot lie may as well be out of the world.—Spanish Proverb.

With a rub or two lumbago is often cured By St. Jacobs Oil. Small cost, big profits.

He who wants a mule without fault must walk on foot.—Spanish Proverb.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The baby's little game—Bawl.—Golden Days.

Sudden cold brings soreness and stiffness. St. Jacobs Oil brings a cure.

A hypocrite makes more trouble in the world than a fool.—Atchison Globe.

The proof of it is thousands say St. Jacobs Oil cured me of neuralgia.

He is a fool who thinks that another does not think.—Spanish Proverb.

At once use St. Jacobs Oil for sprains. At once it will cure. Athletes know this.

THE FARMING WORLD

THEY EAT TO ORDER.

How Fowls Are Fattened by Machinery on Scores of Poultry Farms in England.

There are many poultry farms in England, for fresh fowl is considered a great and staple table delicacy. They have many schemes for fattening the birds. One is to confine them in small pens, where they can have no exercise and are fed a mixture of ground oats, milk and fat. They put on flesh at a rapid rate subjected to this treatment.

FATTENING A FOWL BY MACHINERY.

The birds are not allowed to pick up their food in the natural manner, but have it pumped or crammed into their crops by a simple machine, consisting of a large funnel, into which the food is placed, falling into a cylinder, from which it is pumped by a piston worked by a treadle through a flexible tube some seven inches long direct into the fowl's crop. The birds are fed this way twice a day. The dexterity with which hundreds of protesting birds are thus fed is remarkable.

POULTRY DOES PAY.

One of the Most Profitable, If Not the Most Profitable, Branches of Farming.

Those who say poultry does not pay do so because in the first place they do not expend the proportionate time and brain in caring for their fowls that they do with their other stock, says the Western Rural. In the second place they do not keep an account, hence the many little sums are overlooked when compared with those derived from the cows, for instance, where many times the capital is invested. Take care of your hens for one season, credit them with all the eggs and chickens used at home as well as those sold, of course charging the feed and time to them, and see if they do not yield a greater profit proportionately than the average products at your disposal. Those who have thoroughly tried it, either as a business in itself or as a side issue, are almost unanimous in declaring that it is one of the most profitable, if not the most profitable, branches of farming. One must not expect to do well at it unless he is willing to devote time and talents to it, and even then there are a few who, despite their best efforts, will fail; the same is true in every business and profession. To such I would say, try something else, but to the average man I would recommend keeping a few fowls if situated so that it is at all practicable to do so.

NOTES FOR BEEKEEPERS.

Too much stimulative feeding often tends to induce robbing.

Colonies having defective queens are always the foundation of trouble.

The strength of the colony determines the amount of brood therein.

A board covering should never be placed over and directly on the frames.

The ground in front of each hive should be banked up level with the entrance.

The first thing after hiving a swarm of bees in a frame hive is to adjust the frames.

The best material in the smoker is dry, rotten wood that has become light and spongy.

When robbing once gets started in the apiary it is very troublesome and hard to check.

A gargle made of sage tea and sweetened with honey is one of the best remedies for colds or hoarseness.

When the queen goes up into the surplus boxes she selects drone comb if possible in which to deposit her eggs.

Except during the winter the entrance should be large enough to admit of the bees passing in and out readily.

Combs that are new and bright are not near so liable to become infested with worms as those of a dark color.—St. Louis Republic.

Sun Baths for Fowls.

It is not alone the cold weather in winter, but even more the lack of sunlight during the short days, that restricts egg production at this season. Plenty of sunlight is as essential as warmth to make the hens lively and healthful. But the single glass narrow windows, often only a single pane, and that covered with dust and cobwebs at all seasons, and with ice in winter do little good. What are needed in all henhouses are large windows with an extra frame and glass with a space of inclosed air large enough to fill most of the south side of the building. Keep the place where the sunlight falls free from manure and fill this with sand or coal ashes. Fowls will dust themselves here, and basking in the sunlight they will soon begin to lay.

COTTON SEED MEALS.

Practical Feeders Differ Greatly in the Estimate of Their Value as a Stock Food.

Much has been said and written relative to the use of cotton seed meal as a cattle food. Nearly all investigators agree in giving it a high value and urge dairymen to use this material not only because it is a cheap source of protein but because it also has a high manurial value. Practical farmers differ greatly in their estimates of cotton seed meal. Some seem to use it very satisfactorily for awhile and later conclude that the feed is not well adapted for their purposes. Occasionally a feeder observes that the health of the animals is affected by the feeding of cotton seed too freely, and it sometimes happens that even after animals have been fed for months with apparent success that they are injured by its continued use. It has also happened that cows fed upon cotton seed meal do well for a time and that later the milk flow is diminished without apparent cause. There are at present no other concentrated feeding stuffs which vary so much in composition as cotton seed meals from different sources and different mills. Within three weeks the station has examined samples varying from 22 per cent. to over 53 per cent. of protein.

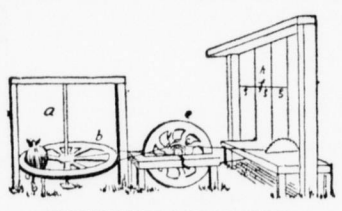
This greater variation in different lots of cotton seed meal may explain the different estimates of different practical feeders and of the same feeders at different times. If a cow is fed a cotton seed meal containing 26 per cent. protein and is then fed an equal weight of meal containing 52 per cent. it is evident that the amount of protein which she receives will have been doubled by the change. If she has been fed up to her full capacity in the first instance such an increase must result disastrously. On the other hand, changing from a cotton seed of high protein content would diminish the milk flow unless the amount of meal feed is correspondingly increased.—Bulletin of the Maine Agricultural Experiment Station.

FOR CUTTING WOOD.

Saw Power Which Can Easily Be Constructed at Home by Any Bright Farmer.

Sawing the year's supply of wood is a long, hard and laborious job. Many forms of power are now available, such as gas engines, windmills, water wheels, etc., which do the work quickly and easily. Where such cannot be afforded a natural mechanic can make a horse power cutter as illustrated herewith.

First make a shaft (a), on which place a wheel(b) for the horse to work in. Make it 16 to 20 feet in diameter. A heavy balance wheel (e) is then made



HOMEMADE SAW POWER.

and a pulley (c) fastened to it and the horse power wheel. A driving pulley (d) connects the balance wheel with the saw shaft. The saw frame (f) should be made strong and durable. The wood to be sawed is laid on the iron hooks (g), which are stapled so as to swing in and out by the saw. They hang from a heavy durable frame. A connecting bar (h) holds the hooks (g) in a uniform position. Rollers may be put on hooks (g) so the sticks to be cut will roll to the upright frame, the distance to be cut. One-fourth of wheel (b) is hinged in to take the horse in and out.—W. A. Sharp, in Farm and Home.

Feeding Salt with Fodder.

It is difficult to feed cut cornfodder so as to have it all eaten, and the difficulty is increased if there are nubbins of corn in the cut fodder to scatter grains through it. Cattle and horses will nose this over to get the grains of corn, and when the fodder has been thus nosed over only the small, fine pieces will be eaten. The better way is to grind the nubbins, corn and cob together, and apply this to the fodder after it has been moistened by steam. In this way most of the cut fodder will be eaten, and what is left can be made more palatable by sprinkling more meal on it and adding some salt. By feeding salt with unpalatable fodder a great deal of nutrition may be secured from what would otherwise be wasted.—American Cultivator.

The Hen's Egg and Sex.

Periodically and frequently goes around the report that eggs wrinkled at the narrow ends produce cockerels, says the Country World. To the student of embryology this fallacy is at once apparent. For the first few days the chicken is sexual, and then to about the seventh day it is distinctly hermaphrodite and contains within itself the element of both sexes. After this stage it verges in one direction, one set of organs developing and the other diminishing, according as to whether the germ is going to produce a male or a female. So that if the germ had a living conscience, it would not know at the sixth day which sex it would ultimately be.

Fast-Walking Farm Horses.

There is a large difference in the amount of work done in a year by a fast walking horse and one that is slow. If a team travels 20 miles a day, and another team goes 25 miles in the same time, it makes a difference of 1,500 miles for 300 working days in a year. When plowing or cultivating a large field a team will travel from 15 to 20 miles a day, and the difference of a mile or two is an important item during the busy season. There is room for a fast-walking breed of horses.

California.

Should you desire information regarding rates and through sleeping car routes, first class and tourist, to California address the undersigned. The Southern Pacific Company's famous Sunset Limited leaves New Orleans every Monday and Thursday and traverses a country where the rigors of our Winter and Spring are unknown. W. J. Berg, T. P. A., S. P. Co., 220 Ellicott Sq., Buffalo, N. Y., or W. H. Connor, C. A., S. P. Co., Chamber Commerce Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Extremely "Fly."

A gallant named Cobb met a maiden named Webb,
And straightway he sat down beside her,
And quickly proposed in a manner so glib,
That he won her as soon as he spider.
—Tit-Bits.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonial free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The wise man always stops to think, but it's the really wise one who thinks without having to stop.—N. Y. Journal.

Holiday Excursions.

Excursion tickets will be sold at all stations on the North-Western line (C. & N. W. R'y, C. St. P. M. & O. R'y, S. C. & P. R'y and F. E. & M. V. R. R.) to all other points on this system and on the Union Pacific Railroad, within 200 miles of the selling station, at greatly reduced rates, December 24, 25, 26 and 31, 1898, and January 1 and 2, 1899, good until January 4, 1899. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y for full particulars.

Playwright—"My new comedy doesn't seem to have pleased you specially." Friend—"How so? Didn't I laugh every time I saw you looking at me?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Some men even pretend to be well informed by pretending to forget what books they have read.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Rheumatism.

Send for information if you are suffering, to the Rheumatic Treatment Co., Mt. Clemens, Michigan, P. O. B. 1002.

He who goes with wolves learns how to howl.—Spanish Proverb.

Manners are largely deceit's own name for itself.—Detroit Journal.

Her suggestion.—"Do you know what is the best way to kill time in the winter, Dick?" said an Allegheny girl to her steady company. "I know several ways, but which is the best way?" "Sleigh it."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Suitor—"Your daughter, sir, is the light of my existence." Her Father—"Oh, that's it, eh? I've often wondered how you could ever see her, with the gas turned so low."—Chicago Daily News.

Miss Sackerin—"What would you say if you saw me with a cigar in my mouth?" Jack Weedner—"I should say, as I always have said, that I am not fond of pretty cigar holders."—Boston Transcript.

Biffers Was Willing.—"Got your snow cleared away?" "No. Ran clear up to Biffers' to borrow his snow shovel, and when I got back it was time for me to go to the office." "But what did Biffers do?" "Oh, he was mighty glad to loan the shovel. He doesn't like snow cleaning any better than I do."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Senior Partner—"I don't like this ad." The Junior Partner—"What is the matter with it? I thought it was excellent." "It says that the sales of our unparalleled mineral water have increased so that we have been forced to double the output of our spring twice in five years."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A clergyman who was very particular about his personal appearance went to preach in a country parish. Finding there was no glass in the vestry, and fearing that his hair might not be quite as smooth as it should be, he asked the clerk if he could get him a glass. The man was gone some minutes, but at length returned and produced a parcel very mysteriously from under his arm. To the astonishment of the clergyman, when it was opened it contained a bottle of whisky with water and a tumbler. "You mustn't let on about it, mister," said the clerk, "for I got it as a real favor, an' I shouldn't ha' got it at all, bein' church hours, if I hadn't 'a said it was for you."—Ram's Horn.

A perfect type of the highest order of excellence.

TRADE-MARK.

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Delicious--Nutritious.

COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP.

Be sure you get the genuine article made at Dorchester, Mass., by

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1780.

Can You Solve This Puzzle Verse?

"A simple go-between am I,
Without a thought of pride;
I part the gathered thoughts of men,
And liberally divide.
I set the soul of Shakespeare free,
To Milton's thoughts give liberty,
Bid Sidney speak with freer speech,
Let Spenser sing and Taylor preach.
Though through all learning swift I glide,
No wisdom doth with me abide."

If you can solve the foregoing, and send the correct answer to George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Old Colony Building, Chicago, together with a two-cent stamp, he will send you what it calls for.

His Way of Advertising.

Charles—I don't see how Blank can make any money out of that tobacconist's business of his. He's always smoking the best cigars himself.

Fred—Oh, that's his method of advertising.

"How so?"

"Puffing his goods."—Stray Stories.

Go South This Winter.

For the present winter season the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company has improved its already nearly perfect through service of Pullman Vestibuled Sleeping Cars and elegant day coaches from Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and Chicago, to Mobile, New Orleans and the Gulf Coast, Thomasville, Ga., Pensacola, Jacksonville, Tampa, Palm Beach and other points in Florida. Perfect connection will be made with steamer lines for Cuba, Porto Rico, Nassau and West Indian ports. Tourist and Home-Seekers excursion tickets on sale at low rates. Write C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for particulars.

A Village Pessimist.

Si—I didn't see you follerin' our new band this mornin'.

Rube—No. I didn't have no gun.—Indianapolis Journal.

To California.

Attention is called to the excellent service of the North-Western Line to California and the favorable rates which have been made for single and round-trip tickets for this season's travel. Best accommodations in first-class or tourist sleeping cars, which run through every day in the year. Personally-conducted tourist car parties every week to California and Oregon. Choice of a large number of different routes without extra charge.

Particulars cheerfully given upon application to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y, or connecting lines.

To Be Determined Later.

Reed—Ah, I see you are busy. Writing for publication?

Wright—I don't know yet.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

The more doctors a man has, the less certain are they what ails him, and the more certain are other people.—Detroit Journal.

Did you ever See a Snow Storm in Summer?

We never did; but we have seen the clothing at this time of the year so covered with dandruff that it looked as if it had been out in a regular snowstorm.

No need of this snowstorm.

As the summer sun would melt the falling snow so will

Ayer's Hair Vigor

melt these flakes of dandruff in the scalp. It goes further than this: it prevents their formation.

It has still other properties: it will restore color to gray hair in just ten times out of every ten cases.

And it does even more: it feeds and nourishes the roots of the hair. Thin hair becomes thick hair; and short hair becomes long hair

We have a book on the Hair and Scalp. It is yours, for the asking.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address,

DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

Bears The Signature Of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

DO YOU KNOW THAT THERE IS SCIENCE IN NEATNESS? BE WISE AND USE

SAPOLIO

STAR PLUG
L. & M. NATURAL LEAF PLUG
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Not Made by a TRUST or COMBINE!

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ESTABLISH A HOME OF YOUR OWN.

You can do it. The finest agricultural land in the world lies West of the Mississippi River. Prices are low and farmers are prosperous. You can get valuable information by reading "The Corn Belt," which is the handsomest farm paper ever published. It is beautifully illustrated and contains exact and strictly truthful information about the West. Issued monthly. Send 25c. for a year's subscription to "The Corn Belt," 209 Adams St., Chicago, Ills.

WHEAT! WHEAT! WHEAT!

50 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

"Nothing but wheat as far as the eye could reach on either side: what you might call a sea of wheat," was what a lecturer speaking of Western Canada said while referring to that country. For particulars as to routes, railway fares, etc., apply to Canadian Government Agent, Department Interior, Ottawa, Canada, or to M. V. McINNES, No. 1 Merrill Block, Detroit, Mich.

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SELF REGULATING.

Make YOUR POULTRY PAY.

50 Chicks from 50 EGGS

Mrs. M. T. DUVAL, Old Church, Va., I hatched with 50-Egg Size $5.00 Bantam 48, 50 and 49 Chicks in 3 hatches and never before saw an Incubator. We sell this and all other Incubators we make on 30 DAYS TRIAL. Send 4c for No. 159 Catalogue. BUCKEYE INCUBATOR CO., Springfield, Ohio.

50-EGG SIZE $5 00.

A Christmas CHANCE FOR EVERYBODY!

Do you want to earn something for Christmas? We can put you in the way of making $14, without interfering with regular occupation. Even children can earn $5 between school hours. Something entirely new and original. No canvassing, and no capital required. A $3 outfit will be sent on receipt of 2-cent stamp. Postoffice box 2497, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Top Snap Complete Double Breech Loader $9.99 **GUNS** FISH-TACKLE SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES CHEAPER than ELSEWHERE Send stamp for catalogue. POWELL & CLEMENT CO. 118 Main St., CINCINNATI.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Ulcerine Salve is the only sure cure in the world for Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, White Swelling, Fever Sores, and all Old Sores. It never fails. Draws out all poison. Saves expense and suffering. Cures permanent. Best salve for Boils, Carbuncles, Piles, Salt Rheum, Burns, Cuts and all Fresh Wounds. By mail, small, 33c; large, 63c. Book free. J. P. ALLEN MEDICINE CO., St. Paul, Minn. Sold by Druggists.

As Black as your hat **DYE Your Whiskers**

A Natural Black with **Buckingham's Dye.**

50 cts. of druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

Catalogues of THOUSANDS of SENT FREE **PLAYS**

Largest Assortment in the World. All kinds of Books for Home Amusements, Including: 100 New Plays Just Issued, Charades, Recipes, Children's Plays, Negro Plays, Dialogues, Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works, Fairy Plays, Paper Scenery, Plays for Male Characters only, Tableaux Vivants, Make-Up Materials, Amateur's Guide to the Stage, Guide to Selecting Plays, "How to Make Up." SAMUEL FRENCH, 26 W. 22d St., New York City.

INVENTORS HELPED. For further particulars write W. X. STEVENS, Virginia Av. and 11th St., Washington, D. C.

A. N. K.—C 1789

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT.

DOLLS.

KID DOLLS at 15c, 20c, 25c, 50c. and 75c,
UNBREAKABLE DOLLS,
PATENT WASHABLE DOLLS at 50c.

TOYS. TOYS.

TIN TOYS,
WOOD TOYS,
IRON TOYS,
MECHANICAL TOYS,
TOYS THAT WILL PLEASE THE LITTLE FOLKS.

GAMES.

PARCHEESI,
OLD MAID,
TIT-TAT-TOE,
BO-PEEP,
CINDERELLA,
WATERMELON and NEWS-BOY.
ALMOST EVERYTHING.

WE submit for the earnest consideration of the readers of this paper, this, our annual announcement offine merchandise.

A Few Hints.

Keep warm, it won't cost you much to do so either, if you let us fit you out.

Seeing is free at our store and believing is easy when you see that our prices agree with our advertisement.

A poor man feels rich when he sees what a little money will do at our store.

"Its your move," and the best move you can make is a move in the direction of our store. Perhaps these prices will help to start the move.

The last few days before Christmas, you know what a jam there will be in our store then. Buy now, avoid that jam and choose from a stock that's "not all picked over"

Weeks ago, when "Old Sol" was out with the other "scorchers," we were "wool gathering" and, as a result of our efforts then, we can now enable you to meet the wintry blasts without a shiver, at a cost astonishingly small.

NEW WINTER WRAPS.

Recently we were given a chance to purchase at reduced prices an elegant line of Winter Wraps from a famous maker of Women and Childrens' wear. We secured the lot at prices startling to say the least, and right now at this busy Holiday selling time, we offer them a full one-third money saving. Call at once, and inspect our fine line, at never to before heard of prices.

FINE DISPLAY OF DRESS GOODS.

All that is brighest and freshest as selected from the winter lines of America's leading wholesalers of fine Dress Goods for this stock. Looking over these rich designs, the thought that the limit of artistic achievement must surely have been reached, presents itself with irresistible conclusiveness. We quote a few prices, 25c, 40c, 50c, 65c, 75c, 80c, $1.00 and $1.25.

SILVER NOVELTIES

MATCH SAFES,
JEWEL BOXES,
HANDKERCHIEF BOXES,
SYRUP PITCHERS,
BUTTER DISHES,
CAKE DISHES.

FINE TOILET CASES.

CELLULOID
FAN BOXES,
NECKTIE BOXES,
MANICURE SETS,
WORK BOXES,
SMOKERS SETS,
SHAVING SETS.

IMPORTED CHINA.

CUPS and SAUCERS,
SPOON HOLDERS,
PITCHERS,
BOWLS,
PIE PLATES,
DINNER PLATES,
3 pc. TEA SETS,
4 pc. TEA SETS,
8 pc. TEA SETS,
56 pc. TEA SETS.

BLANKET AND QUILT SURPRISES.

Made possible by our very large purchases. We have never been able to save you as much money in these lines as now. It is sure economy in this department. The guarantee is that everything you buy in this department is reliable.

Blanket, prices, per pair—75c, 95c, $1.00, $1.40, $3.50, $4.50, $5.00, $7,00, $8.00 and $10.00.
Quilt, prices, per pair—$1.00, $1.20, $1.50 and $2.00.

SWEATERS! SWEATERS!

Men's and Boys', some Men's Sweaters, very good, are only $1.25. They are hand-made and have wide collars. Assorted colors.

Boys' fine worsted Sweaters that would be cheap at $1.50, are only $1.00. With roll collars, all colors.

WINTER HOSIERY.

Comfortably priced. Only the better sorts and probably the largest showing you ever happened to see in Emporium. We have a few Ladies' fast black, fleece lined hose, 18c, 20c, 25c. Misses English black, ribbed hose, 12½c, 15c, 18c, 20c, 22c,and 25c. Boys' extra heavy hose, 15c, 20c, and 25. Men's half hose, 8c, 10c, 15c, 25c, 35c, and 50c.

ORIENTAL RUGS.

This sale is aptly timed to afford easy ownership of these splendid floor coverings at a season when social functions calls for complete detail in the furnishing of the house beautiful. Timely also for Christmrs gifts,

Sizes and Prices of Rugs.

18x36 . . . . . only 95c.
26x56 . . . . . only $2.00
30x60 . . . . . only $3.00
36x70 . . . . . only $3.50

WINTER UNDERWEAR FOR ALL.

Brisk selling has been a daily occurrence here since the season opened, but where the truly phenominal bargains are known, its no wonder. Your money buys nearly twice as much here as elsewhere. Men's Underwear, price per piece, 50c, 60c, 75c, 80c, $1.00 and $1.25. Ladies' Underwear, per piece, 25c, 50c, 75c, and 90c. Children's Underwear, 15c, 18c, 20c, 22, 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, and 60c.

NAPKINS AND TOWELS.

First point to be sure of in buying Linens is the purity of the flax. No matter how pretty the mixed sort may look, with the gloss on they are sure to be fuzzy and unpleasant to the touch. Of course these we quote are pure linen. Napkin, prices, per pair, $1.25, $1.50, $2.25 and $2.75. Towel, prices, per pair, 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00.

COME IN AND SEE OUR FINE LINE.

M. C. TULIS,

EMPORIUM, PA.

How to Look Good.

Good looks are really more than skin deep, depending entirely upon a healthy condition of the vital organs. If the liver is inactive you have a bilious look; if your stomach is disordered you have dyspeptic look; if your kidneys are affected, you have a pinched look. Secure good health and you will surely have good looks. "Electric Bitters" is a good alterative and tonic. Acts directly on stomach, liver and kidneys, purifies the blood, cures pimples, blotches and boils, and gives a good complexion. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold at L. Taggart's drug store. 50 cents per bottle.

ALL SORTS.

The sooner a cough or cold is cured without harm to the sufferer the better. Lingering colds are dangerous,a Hacking cough is distressing· One minute Cough Cure quickly cures it. Why suffer when such a cough cure is within reach? It is pleasant to the taste. R. C. Dodson. 45ly

The shortest and happiest days are the busy ones.

Constipation prevents the body from ridding itself of waste matter. De Witt's Little Early Risers will remove the trouble and cure sick Headache, Billousness, Inactive Liver and clear the Complexion. Small, sugar coated, don't gripe or cause nausea. R. C. Dodson. 45ly

The minute you tell a secret it is no longer one.

Overcome evil with good. Overcome your coughs and colds with One Minute Cough Cure. It is so good children cry for it. It cures croup, bronchitis, pneumonia, grippe and all throat and lung diseases. R. C. Dodson. 45ly

To confess a fault is to more than half atone for it.

Late to bed and early to rise, prepares a man for his home in the skies. But early to bed and a Little Early Riser, the pill that makes life longer and better and wiser. R. C. Dodson. 45ly

A telephone bell possesses no music if it is not for you.

Many a household is saddened by death because of the failure to keep on hand a safe and absolute certain cure for croup such as One Minute Cough Cure. See that your little ones are protected against emergency R. C. Dodson. 45ly

The polonaise and the overskirt have evidently come to stay.

Soothing, healing, cleansing, De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve is the implacable enemy of sores, burns and wounds. It never fails to cure Piles. You may rely upon it. R. C. Dodson. 45ly

Does ever any real live woman look like the figures in the fashion plates?

When you ask for De Witt's Witch Hazel salve don't accept a counterfeit or imitation. There are more cases ef Piles being cured by this, than all others combined. R. C. Dodson. 45ly

The little things in life are the ones that wear us out. A toothache is more exasperating than a broken leg.

For six years our daughter was sorely afflicted with throat affection caused by Diphtheria. Two years ago we used a bottle of Armstrong's Diphtheria and Quinsey Drops, which not only gave immediate relief but was a positive cure. Her tonsils were soon back to their natural size, the first in six years. C. H. DUMBOLTEN, Opt., Emporium.

How very few of us ever dream of many times that the happiest appearing women cry themselves to sleep.

Pains in the chest when a person has a cold indicate a tendency toward pneumonia. A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound onto the chest over the seat of pain will promptly leave the seat of pain and prevent the threatened attack of pneumonia. This same treatment will cure a lame back in a few hours. Sold L. Taggart. Dec.

There is no more certain revelation of a woman's age than to hear her hum a tune that was popular fifteen years ago.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup always cures coughs and colds. It is poor economy to neglect a cold when this reliable remedy will relieve and cure it at once. Price only 25c.

A cough is not like a fever. It does not have to run a certain course. Cure it quickly and effectually with One Minute Cough Cure, the best remedy for all ages and for the most severe cases. We recommend it because it's good. R. C. Dodson. 45ly

How few of us use the word telephone in its entirety. Shortened to 'phone it suits more the American love of abbreviation.

UP TO DATE
BOOK COMMERCIAL AND JOB PRINTING
AT THIS OFFICE.

KEELEY CURE.
LIQUOR AND OPIUM HABITS.
Removes all desire and appetite, builds up the system, renews health and vigor, brightens the intellect and fits one for business.
THE ONLY KEELEY INSTITUTE IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.
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Mott's Nerverine Pills

BEFORE AND AFTER USING.

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Failing or lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. $1.00 per box by mail; 6 boxes for $5.00.
MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Prop'r, Cleveland, Ohio
For sale by R C. Dodson.

Wear Royal Worcester Corsets.
FOR SALE BY LEADING DEALERS.

Get an Education
An exceptional opportunity offered to young men and young women to prepare for teaching or for business. Four regular courses; also special work in Music, Shorthand, Typewriting. Strong teaching force, well graded work, good discipline and hard study, insure best results to students of
Central State Normal School
LOCK HAVEN, Clinton Co., PA.
Handsome buildings perfectly equipped, steam heat, electric lights, abundance of pure mountain water, extensive campus and athletic grounds. Expenses low. State aid to students. Send for catalog.
JAMES ELDON, Ph.D., Principal.
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Dry Goods AND Carpets
In Buffalo - -
GO TO
Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.
396 to 408 Main St.—American Block;
BUFFALO, N. Y.
Established 1867—No Branch Store.

Ready For Christmas.

Every department in our great store is ready for Christmas trade.

We have every convenience for our out-of town customers including the best refreshment room in Buffalo, where you can get anything you want—breakfast, dinner, lunch, supper or simple refreshments—at reasonable prices.

We lead the trade of Buffalo in—

Dry Goods,	Carpets,
Cloaks,	Rugs.
Millinery,	Curtains,
Ladies' Shoes,	Upholstery,
Dressmaking,	Art Goods,
Toilet Goods,	Crockery,
Jewelry,	Lamps,
Books,	Leather Goods,
Stationery,	Toys and Dolls,
Silverware,	Games.

Grand Display in basement, of holiday goods. Infinite variety of attractions for the children.

Our bargains in holiday handkerchiefs, gloves, neckwear, ribbons, umbrellas and fancy goods are the talk of the city.

☞ Send your Christmas mail orders early.

☞ Read our Advertisements in the Buffalo papers.

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.,
The American Block.

Travelers Guide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAILROAD DIVISION.

In effect Nov. 20, 1898.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD.

8 20 A. M.—Train 8 week days for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.23 P. M., New York 9.30 P. M., Baltimore 6.00 P. M., Washington 7.15 P. M. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

3 20 P. M.—Train 6 week days for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.30 A. M., New York 7.13 A.M. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.30 A. M.

9 27 P. M. Train 4 Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 6.52 A. M., New York 9.33 A. M., weekdays, (10.38 A. M. Sunday;) Baltimore 6.35 A. M., Washington 7.45 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Williamsport. Passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5:10 A. M.—Emporium Junction—Train 9 week days for Erie, Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10 25 A. M.—Train 3 Daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6 28 P. M. — Train 15, week days for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR EMPORIUM FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 9 leaves New York 5:50 p. m., Philadelphia 8:50 p. m., Washington 7:20 p. m., Baltimore 8:40 p. m., arriving at Emporium Junction 5:10 a. m., week days, with Pullman Sleepers and passenger coaches, from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport.

Train 3 leaves New York 7.40 p. m., Philadelphia 11.20 p. m., Washington 10.40 p. m, Baltimore 11.55 p. m., daily, arriving at Emporium 10.25 a. m., with Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars from Philadelphia to Williamsport, and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport on Sundays only Pullman Sleepers from Philadelphia to Erie.

Train 15 leaves Philadelphia 8.30 a. m., Washington 7.50 a.m., Baltimore 8.50 a. m., Wilkesbarre 10:15 A. M., week days, arriving at Emporium 6.28 P. M., with Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport, and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Kane.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD RAILROAD and Connections.
(Week days.)

SOUTHWARD. A. M.		A. M.	Stations.	P. M.		NORTHWARD P. M.
8 55	....	4 00	....Renovo....	5 00	.....	11 05
9 44	....	4 38	...Driftwood...	4 03	.....	10 12
10 26	....	5 10	Emporium Junc	3 25	.....	9 40
11 08	....	5 52	....St. Marys...	2 40	.....	9 01
11 12	.....		.....Kane.....	12 20	.....	9 05
11 31	.....		....Wilcox....	11 58	.....	8 42
11 46	.....		.Johnsonburg..	11 43	.....	8 26
	.....			.....	.....	
12 10	.....	6 20	...Ridgway,...	8 50	.....	8 05
12 17	.....	6 27	..Island Run...	8 43	.....	7 55
12 22	.....	6 32	Carman Tr'nfer	8 38	.....	7 49
12 31	.....	6 41	..Croyland....	8 29	.....	7 40
12 35	.....	6 45	..Shorts Mills..	8 26	.....	7 36
12 39	.....	6 48	...Blue Rock...	8 22	.....	7 33
12 43	.....	6 53	.....Carrier.....	8 17	.....	7 28
12 53	.....	7 02	.Brockwayville..	8 08	.....	7 18
12 57	.....	7 06	...Lanes Mills..	8 02	.....	7 13
1 07	.....	7 11	.McMinns Sm't.	7 58	.....	
1 15	.....	7 14	.Harveys Run..	7 54	.....	7 04
1 40	.....	7 20	..Falls Creek...	7 50	.....	7 00
		7 35	....DuBois.....	7 40	.....	6 40
1 20	.....	7 25	..Falls Creek...	7 00	.....	6 55
1 35	.....	7 40	Reynoldsville..	6 45	.....	6 40
2 11	.....	8 16	...Brookville...	6 09	.....	6 04
3 05	.....	9 10	New Bethlehem	5 20	.....	5 10
3 50	.....	9 55	...Red Bank....	.....	.....	4 25
6 30	.....	12 40	....Pittsburg...	.....	.....	1 40
P. M.	.....	P. M.		A. M.	.....	P. M.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

WESTERN NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY.

Time Table In Effect April 18, 1897.

Trains leave Emporium for Keating-Port Allegany, Coudersport, Smethport, Eldred, Bradford, Olean and Buffalo, connecting at Buffalo for points East and West.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday 8.30 A. M.
Mail, (103) daily except Sunday. . . . . 1.45 P. M.

Train No. 103 (mail) will connect at Olean with River Division for Allegany, Bradford, Salamanca Warren, Oil City and Pittsburg.

Call on E. C. DAVISON, Agent, Emporium, for time tables or other information.

R. BELL, Gen'l Supt.
J. A. FELLOWS, Gen'l Pass'ngr & Ticket Agt. Mooney Brisbane Building, Cor. Main and Clinton Streets, Buffalo, N. Y.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

THE SHORT LINE BETWEEN BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, SALAMANCA, RIDGWAY, DUBOIS, PUNXSUTAWNEY, AND ALL POINTS IN THE NORTH, EAST AND WEST.

On and after Nov. 20, 1898, passenger trains will depart from Johnsonburg daily, except Sunday, as follows:

8:47 a. m., from P. & E. station for Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois, Punxsutawney and Clearfield.

11:52 a. m., from P. & E. station, mail for Mt. Jewett, Bradford and Rochester.

2:07 p. m., from P. & E. station, mail for Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois, Punxsutawney, and Clearfield.

2:24 p. m. from B. R. & P. station. Buffalo Express for Bradford, Salamanca, Springville and Buffalo.

Thousand mile tickets good for passage between all stations at two cents per mile.

EDWARD C. LAPEY, Gen. Pass. Agt. Rochester, N. Y.

MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS

They overcome Weakness, irregularity and omissions, increase vigor and banish "pains of menstruation." They are "Life Savers" to girls at womanhood, aiding development of organs and body. No known remedy for women equals them. Cannot do harm—life becomes a pleasure. $1 per box by mail. Sold by druggists.
MOTT CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, O.
For sale by R. C. Dodson.

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS,
Boots and Shoes
And Fine Groceries
IS AT W. R. SIZER'S
SIZERVILLE, PA.

Trinkets

In Sterling Silver and Pearl, Paper Envelope Openers, Hat and Clothes Brushes, Trays, Bon Bon Spoons, Aluminum Clothes Brush and Tray. Fancy Willow Baskets for paper, for work, for wall pockets. Gifty things that are handy on dressing table.

Our east window has a Christmas tree, containing all tree decorations at one cent to ten cents. Your own selection for ten cent.

Musical Instruments from a jewsharp to piano. In fact we carry about everything you may wish for in our line.

Christmas Display.

The consensus of opinion as estimated from the enthusiastic expressions heard on all sides, seems to be that all previous Christmas displays in our store has been exceeded, not only in extent, but in newness, excellence, originality and exclusiveness. To the people of Emporium and vicinity come and see, sight-seeing only puts one in form to know how to enjoy this Christmas display it is in a class peculiar to itself—it is simply LLOYD'S.

H. S. LLOYD,

EMPORIUM, PA.

Oh! Ho! Oh! Ho!

H
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O H
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He has come this way,
He has come this way,
With reindeer fleet and speedy sleigh;
He's muffled in furs from top to toe,
And whistled merrily o'er the snow:
Oh, ho! Oh, ho! to Lloyd's Christmas store I go.
He came o'er the snow,
Oh, ho! Oh ho!
He whisttled merrily over the snow.
Oh, ho! Oh, ho! to Lloyd's Christmas store I go, Oh ho.

LEADERS IN HOLIDAY TRADE

Baby Showing

The demands of our business in dolls, has made increase space an necessity, one whole section on west side of our store, you will find our Babies' Kingdom. So many dolls that little mothers will get distracted in the choosing. Grown-up dolls, baby dolls, boy dolls, girl dolls, French dolls, German dolls, Swiss dolls, dolls that bring thoughts of the Emerald Isle, colorrd dolls Chinese rubber dolls, just plain rag dolls, dolls with movable eyes and limbs, and every other kind, to please the children.

Sellaloyd

The first table in the centre aisle is devoted to showing of Celluloyd goods, Jewel Cases, Toilet Cases trimmed with silver, Nectie Cases, Fan Cases, Combination Cufls and Collar Boxes, Manicure Sets, Combination Toilet and Manicure Cases, Glove Boxes, Whisk Holders, Ladies' Writing pads. Early choosers get best selection in these dainty remembrances.

Givable Books

When books are used as gifts they not only cause pleasure and satisfaction to the recipient, but also carry with them evidence of the refined feeling which inspired their selection, thus doing double duty. A good, pure Book makes an ideal gift and few if any, are insensible to its charm. We've so many Suitable Books here, and for all ages and taste, that a whole page of description would be scarcely a hint. Come in and take a look at our large line, it won't cost you anything.

Kodaks

If you think of buying a Kodak for your lady or gentleman friend, you want to be sure that it is a good one. The Bull's-Eye Kodak, is perhaps the safest choice—surest to suit any one; convenient and easy to operate. Makes pictures 3½ inches square; of course we have other styles of Kodaks from $5 up and a splendid showing of plate cameras of every sort, and all the material necessary in developing.

Games, FUN FOR YOUNG and OLD

A section of the centre aisle of our Big Toy Store is devote to all sorts of odd and interesting games. "Grandpa" and "Auntie" will enjoy these as well as the young people and children.

HINTS—Crokinole Boards, Bagatelle, table Croquet, Parcheei, Military games, Klondike, Pot of Gold. But the Toy Store is full of such helps to holiday merriment at less than usual costs. Of course they'll go in a jiffy.

Puzzling

It is often puzzling what to give, with the best will and intention there are often limitations that restrict the Christmas giving. It may be the purse. It may be lack of time to pick and choose. It may be doubt as to what will be acceptable.

Harry S. Lloyd's Store.

Offers almost illimitable opportunities for wise holiday buying. Doubts as to what to get and how much to pay are resolved into certainties by a study of his values and prices.

SANTA CLAUS.

Photo Frames

Newest, Prettiest, Oddest at little prices, these Photo Frames on our west counter, in Celluloyd, in China, in Gold plated, in satin and in hand-painted styles. These are going very fast.

LeatherGifts

Combination Pocket Books of black and colored leather, metal corners. Ladies' Pocket Book trimmed with silver. Music Rolls of genuine leather and Leather Photo Frames and leather Lap Tablet trimmed with silver. A fine showing in these goods.

Toys, Toys, Toys

AT, AT, AT,

Lloyd's! Lloyd's! Lloyd's!

A WONDERLAND OF TOYS.

We venture to say that the greatest line of strictly new Toys, Dolls and Games ever put on sale in Emporium is now ready. No hold-overs here from previous years, as every article was purchased this season. The little folks all say that its the greatest Toy Circus ever came to Emporium, and they seem to be practically a unit in the wish that Santa Claus will do his choosing at this store.

Diaries

These books for daily jotting, some folks would hardly do without, and still, many others prefer cudgeling their memories for things they'd know in a moment with an easily kept diary to help. Almost starting time. The new Diaries are here in splendid assortment. Your own particular style and arrangement is here if anywhere.

China AND GLASSWARE

The home table must have its dainty China and Glassware, and no table is complete without some fine piece of China on it. Our assortment of Jardinieres we think is the finest display in the city. A charming choosing in sizes, shapes, and decorations, colors and prices. These goods make a most dainty and acceptable Christmas gift.

WHEN through the leafless forest
The wild winds rudely sweep;
When snow is on the meadow,
Where the violets lie asleep;
When outward, drifting, drifting,
The Old Year goes forlorn,
In the mystic hour of midnight
The glad New Year is born.

Last night I watched in sadness,
The passing of the year,
For it bore from me a record
That cost me many a tear.
But a gentle voice has whispered
That the past I must forget;
Nor waste this precious season
In useless, vain regret.

O! the coming of the New Year
Fills my soul with thoughts sublime,
Precious seem the golden moments
Onward borne by fleeting time;
And a spirit stirs within me,
Urging me to nobler strife,
With an earnest, brave endeavor,
For a brighter, better life.

And with grateful heart and lowly,
I thank the Power Supreme,
Who extends my days in mercy
That the past I may redeem;
For His loving hand that keeps me,
For His voice that speaks to me,
For the opening of the New Year—
Though its close I may not see.

—Gracia Southworth, in Western Rural.

PAGE FORTY-SIX.

"LEMONS? Well! where's your money for 'em?" Abel Tappan spoke sharply. The thin, wizened little face across the counter took on an anxious look.

"Mother, she couldn't send the money. She says if you'll please to charge—"

"Charge!—charge! I'm sick o' that tune, you can tell your ma. You can skipper right home and tell her now. When she wants lemons I calc'late she's got to pay for 'em same as other folks does."

Little Jot McKie's clumsy shoes shuffled half way to the door, then shuffled resolutely back to the counter again.

"They're for Love, you know," he said, courageously. "An' Love's sick. She's hurt in her back, an' she says the water don't taste good. She's set on having some lemonade. An' mother says if you'll trust her, Mister Tappan—"

"Ain't I trusted her since 'way back most to flood time, I'd like to know? Ain't her page in my ledger chock full o' trustings this minute? When she's settled that page up, mebbe I'll begin over again a trusting her—mebbe so. But not till; so you needn't stand there waiting for lemons. Might's well go right along home, sonny."

But Love's pinched, white little face pleaded with Jot, and Love's restless little fingers tugged at his heart strings. Poor Love! and the water didn't taste good. If there was just a squeeze of lemon juice in it! Pluck up courage, Jot—one more trial! For Love, you know—for Love!

"I'll do chores to pay for 'em, an' you needn't only let me have one, Mister Tappan. The water tastes bad, an' Love's set on having a squeeze of lemon I'll carry it right home an' hurry back an' do chores. I'll come quick as—as—"

"As your ma pays her bills—jist about as quick as that," laughed Abel Tappan, roughly. "I don't know's I'm suffering for chores this time o' night. I guess Dove, or Love, or whatever her name is, 'll have to drink water a spell longer. Your ma can put some vinegar in to liven it up, with a sprinkling o' sugar. I useter drink that with a relish when I was a little shaver. You've got to pay for lemons if you want 'em out o' this store. I've trusted you and trusted you till I'm sick of it."

Little Jot drew up his stunted figure in injured dignity. The very freckles on his face radiated scorn.

"Keep your old lemons!" he cried, his voice quavering unsteadily. "We don't want 'em! (O, poor little thirsty Love!) I guess we ain't beggars! I guess we mean to pay our bills! Mother'd got the money most all saved up, but Love got worse an' she had to have the doctor an' lots of medicines."

He took long, manly strides toward the door, his indignant voice trailing after him. Mrs. Drusilla Wyncoop, just entering, ran into him, and her ample figure and the flapping folds of her shawl quite engulfed the little scurrying shape.

"Land of liberty!" she cried, cheerily, "who's this running over me just's if I didn't amount to anything! O, you Jotham? Well, I guess I'll have to get my life insured! Good evening, Abel. I thought maybe you wouldn't mind if I dropped in to settle up my account. To-morrow's New Year, and I couldn't sleep a wink to-night, up to my ears in debt."

Abel Tappan beamed at her over the counter. He hunted up a chair for her and put it near the stove.

"I guess 'twouldn't be more than up to your elbows, Mis' Wyncoop," he laughed, jovially. "Not deep enough to keep you awake. But I knew you'd be in to-night, just as well's I knew I should eat my supper. I told Becky, I says: 'Mis' Wyncoop'll be in to pay her bill to-night, you see if she ain't, Becky,' says I—set down here by the fire, do—and here you are! Well, all is, I wish there were more like you in the world! Those shiftless McKies, now—that little scamp of a Jot's been in trying to get trusted again, but I've struck! I guess it's about time, too."

He got down his big book from the high corner desk and spread it open on the counter, turning the pages laboriously. Abel Tappan was his own bookkeeper and had his own peculiar fashion of "keeping" the great, leather-covered book—a fashion that would have first puzzled, then floored the dapper, precise graduate of a commercial college. But it sufficed for Abel Tappan very well.

"Forty-two, forty-three, forty-four, forty-five — Wyncoop; that's your page," he said. "And I declare if Page 46 ain't the McKie page, right across from yours. I'd forgot that. Twenty-nine—twenty-nine dollars and eighty-three cents. There you are, Mis' Wyncoop! You better reckon it up yourself and make sure it's all right. We're all as liable to mistakes as the sparks that fly upward."

He tilted up and down on his toes mildly incredulous of any possible error in his reckoning, while Drusilla Wyncoop went over the columns from the top downward. Her lips chippered audibly over the task.

"Yes; that's just right, Abel, and I'm only thankful it isn't any more. Lord of liberty! who'd believe nutmegs an' pepper 'n' salt would cost 'most $30!"

Her eyes rested on Page 46, still lying open on the counter. Her own page, opposite, looked almost empty in comparison.

From top to bottom and from side to side, Page 46 was full of minute, unsteady words, traced with cramped painstaking and flanked by a relentless column of figures.

"What a pageful!" she exclaimed "You don't say the McKies owe the whole of that? Land of liberty! I don't see how they get a wink of sleep, and New Year right on the verge, too! I couldn't."

"I guess it don't keep them awake any. Shiftless folks can sleep with their heads under water."

Mr. Tappan's voice, loud with scorn, echoed back from the high rafters.

Mrs. Wyncoop shook her head remonstratingly. The words issued a little twisted out of shape by the fat shawl pin between her lips:

"O, no, no, Abel; you shan't call them shiftless. I don't know about Jerome McKie, but his wife ain't. She's a real devoted woman, and works dreadful hard. Maybe she don't know how to make the money spend as well's she might, but that ain't shiftlessness. And I never saw a tenderer hearted mother than she is to that little sick girl of hers. I guess she humors her to pieces. Poor little thing!"

Abel Tappan stirred uneasily. A row of golden lemons on the shelf looked at him with silent reproach. "The water don't taste good," a boy's eager voice said in his ear.

"She looks like your little granddaughter, too," Mrs. Wyncoop went on, driving the shawlpin home with intrepid aim—"everybody noticed it. Before she fell downstairs and crooked her back the teacher—she boarded with me then—said you could hardly tell those two children apart when they were together. She used to get 'em all mixed up at school. Same colored hair, with the same kinks in it, and their eyes just alike, and even their little dimples matching! The little McKie girl was fat and well then, like your Becky."

The lemons blinked their yellow eyes reproachfully. Mr. Tappan strode behind the counter and swept them, with a succession of clatters, into the money drawer, out of sight. He was mentally reviewing the items of Page 46. He knew them by heart. How many, many of them were little unpretending luxuries that a little, peevish, sick child might crave! How few of them—herrings now and then, and salt codfish or oatmeal—were necessaries! It had nettled him over and over again to think of it, but now, somehow, it touched him against his will.

Yes, O, yes, he knew they used to say the little McKie girl—Love, Dove, what was her name?—looked like Becky His Becky! His little round, roly poly, happy Becky!

After Mrs. Wyncoop's departure Abel Tappan took the big brown ledger back to the corner desk still open. Doggedly he turned the pages and went to work With quick steps the little New Year was hurrying to meet the Old Year His light footsteps made no creaking over the snow. Eleven—quarter past—half-past—how close they were, almost touching hands!

A little voice roused Abel Tappan by and by—Becky's—but he had never heard Becky's voice from such a distance before. He seized the lamp and hurried upstairs, where he and his little beloved, motherless Becky and old Nance lived.

The child was tossing on her bed, fretting plaintively. Her little face, in the lamp's feeble glimmer, looked unduly flushed and thin.

"My back aches so!" she whimpered.

Becky's back ached so! Becky's little straight—no, O! Lord have mercy, it was crooked! It bowed out pitifully against the little white sheets. Becky's face was sharp with pain.

Abel Tappan shuddered from head to foot. The lamp shook in his hand unsafely. Through the blur on his glasses the little tossing head on the pillow seemed strangely far away from him Was it his little, plump, rollicking, dancing Becky—his straight Becky he had been so proud of always?

"I'm so thirsty in my throat!" moaned the little crooked Becky on the bed.

He bent down unsteadily and kissed her. His heart broke in the kiss.

"Daddy'll fetch you a drink right off," he faltered.

But she thrust away the glass he brought her.

"It don't taste good—take it away, daddy. I'm so thirsty in my throat!"

"Yes, yes; daddy'll go get some nice fresh water, right out of the well. You wait, Becky."

Becky lifted up her small, tangly head and gazed up at him reproachfully.

"Take it away, daddy," she cried "Put lemon in—it don't taste good. I want a squeeze o' lemon in, an' sugar. I'm so thirsty!"

Abel Tappan's grizzled head bowed itself beside the child's.

"Yes, yes; daddy'll fetch a lemon right away and make it taste good," he mumbled in an agony of grief, against her cheek. "Daddy'll see to it all nice."

Back in the store again, he could find no lemons, though he searched and researched with dogged insistence. Where could they be? There had been plenty of them, over there on the second, right-hand shelf, in a row.

He moved boxes and cans, he cleared whole shelves with a sweep of his arm. Becky's little wail sounded on, unceasing, in his ears. He must find them! He could not go back to Becky without them. The yellow labels on some of the bottles mocked him and led him on to unavailing hopes. The dim lights twinkled their eyes and jeered at him. A merry party going past outside shouted and sang, and he shook his tight fist toward them angrily. Where could the lemons be? he asked himself over and over in dull wonder. If he had only remembered to look in the money till!

"I'll go down to the Forks—they'll have 'em at Denby's," he muttered. "It's a good mile, but I don't care if it's 50! I don't care if I have to wake up the seven sleepers, neither!"

But how long it took to find his great coat and get into it! He tried to hurry. Heavy weights seemed to hang to his limbs and drag them back with diabolical persistence. Would his arms ever go into the sleeves? Was it going to take till crack o' doom to get his hat on his head? Big drops of sweat scurried down the seams of his haggard cheeks. He set his teeth doggedly.

If the lemons in the money drawer had only jogged against the door of his memory!

"I'll find one—big one—steal one—anything!" he cried aloud.

Hark! was that the little voice, muffled by the folds of the thick comforter, still calling to him? Was it growing clearer, nearer?

"Wisher Happy New Year, daddy."

Why, it was Becky said it herself, standing in the murky doorway? Becky! Her voice shrilled out to him, triumphant and sweet.

Abel sprang forward in sudden horror and caught her in his arms. Her little nightgown fell away from her bare toes, and he felt the chill of them against his wrists.

"Happy New Year," he repeated, mechanically, after her. He was hugging the little cold feet fiercely to his breast, and burying his face in the tousled hair.

It was Becky — Becky — and her cheeks, against his, felt round and warm. And she sat on his arm as straight and strong as a little ramrod!

Then he had been asleep. He had had a terrible dream. Thank God, he was awake now! He carried Becky back upstairs, feeling every step as he went, with slow care. Then he tucked her into bed among blankets and quilts, and kissed her.

His lamp was flickering out, and he got another and carried it down stairs.

The big book on the high corner desk lay open at page 46—

What!

Abel Tappan could hardly believe his eyes. He took off his glasses and rubbed them on the lining of his coat. But when he put them on again, he could still see two wavy, criss-cross lines meandering from corner to corner of page 46.

Mrs. Wyncoop's page, opposite, was clean and uncrossed.

"Well, now, who'd 've believed it!" he laughed, in loud delight. His heart felt light and glad. "I did it myself, instead o' crossing out Mis' Wyncoop's! And it can stay, too It'll remind me that I ain't going to press that poor McKie woman a mite—not a mite—not if she can't ever pay up. She's got a poor little spindling, crooked-backed girl, and the Lord knows that's enough affliction. That's more'n I could stand."

With careful painstaking, he retraced the slanting lines, his pen spluttering tiny flecks of ink upon his intent face.

"There!" he breathed softly. "I guess they're black enough to remind me if I ain't stone blind! Now I'll turn over a new leaf."

At the top of the clean, new page he wrote, in his small, unsteady letters, the word "Lemons."

"I'll send Becky over with 'em first thing in the morning—if I can find 'em," he added, laughing again. Then he slapped his thigh in a sudden spasm of recollection.

"Why, bless your heart! they're in the money drawer this minute, holding their sides, like as not. I raked 'em all in to get 'em out o' my sight."

A sleigh load of belated revellers was crunching past. Their gay voices rang out, and their laughs chimed in pleasantly with his.

He hurried to the door, unlocked it, and shouted after them at the top of his voice, little Becky's "Wisher Happy New Year!"—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Country Gentleman.

"WISHER A HAPPY NEW YEAR, DADDY!"

ANOTHER NEW YEAR.

Age Reckoned by Inward Signs—Old Only as Our Growth in Manly and Womanly Virtue Would Show.

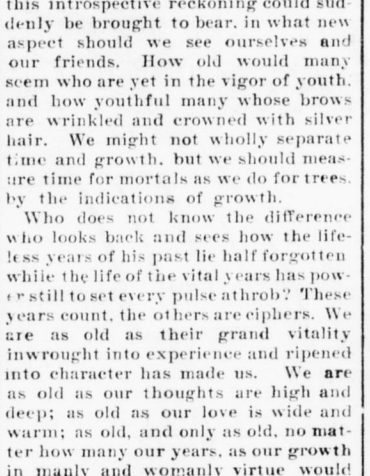
A modern author suggests that if all record and measurement of time by hours and days and years could be abandoned, we should gradually adopt a newer and truer standard, and count our age by inward rather than outward signs.

If, by transformation of mental habit this introspective reckoning could suddenly be brought to bear, in what new aspect should we see ourselves and our friends. How old would many seem who are yet in the vigor of youth, and how youthful many whose brows are wrinkled and crowned with silver hair. We might not wholly separate time and growth, but we should measure time for mortals as we do for trees, by the indications of growth.

Who does not know the difference who looks back and sees how the lifeless years of his past lie half forgotten while the life of the vital years has power still to set every pulse athrob? These years count, the others are ciphers. We are as old as their grand vitality inwrought into experience and ripened into character has made us. We are as old as our thoughts are high and deep; as old as our love is wide and warm; as old, and only as old, no matter how many our years, as our growth in manly and womanly virtue would show. The brain may have absorbed facts and theories and philosophies about goodness and the real self be learning the alphabet of God's lesson of obedience and trust.

These being the natural food of the soul, its real growth depends on the soul's power of assimilating what has been prepared by a Divine hand for its nurture. Yet on no amount of thought about obedience, or love, or goodness will the hungering human nature thrive. No careful analysis of foods will build up the wasting tissues or give new strength to the growing body, only that which enters into the life becomes part of fiber, and blood, and bone.—Washington Home Magazine.

HOW SHE KNEW.



Mrs. Cobwigger—How do you know your husband kept the resolution he made you last year to give up smoking?

Mrs. Hillaire—I've the best of proof. I made him a present of a box of cigars and he hasn't touched one of them the whole year.—N. Y. World.

Getting Ready for New Year's Day.

Quizzer—What are you putting cotton in your ears for?

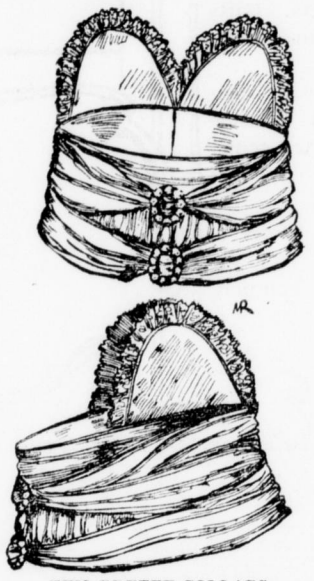
Wise—Don't want to be deafened by the sound of broken pledges to-morrow.—N. Y. Journal.

THE LATE FASHIONS.

Some Pretty Things That Are Appropriate for the Season.

One of the Many New Ideas in Petticoats—A Christmas Gift That May Be Made at Home.

It is quite wonderful how much an elaborate affair for the neck will add to a very plain costume. But as these accompaniments to the toilet are absurdly expensive, it is always better to see the design and make them at home. A very handsome salmon-pink



TWO PRETTY COLLARS.

collar is made of soft silk, over a stiff foundation. The collar fastens at the back with ordinary hooks and eyes. The silk is drawn over the collar, and fastens in front with small rhinestone buckles; between the buckles is a shirring of white chiffon.

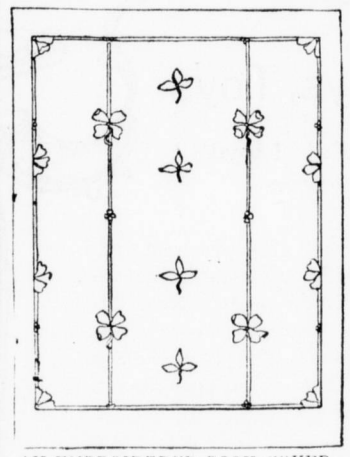
Two pointed pieces of salmon-colored silk, edged with lace, cover the neck completely beneath the ear.

It would seem that Dame Fashion had carefully designed to have the new jackets so various in cut as to be becoming to all figures, stout or slim. Very long tight-fitting jackets reach to the knees, and many are worn even longer. These are especially stylish, made up in fur. Short jackets are also worn. It is quite the rage to have dark fur jackets trimmed with wide lapels and cuffs of light fur. The high collar is also lined with light fur.

The illustration shows a new French model developed in Persian lamb. It is very short and tight-fitting. Over the hips it is cut into three scallops toward the front and a short "pigeon-tail" at the back. It is a very "chic" jacket and exceedingly becoming to a slight figure.

ONE OF THE SHORT JACKETS.

There are never so many attractive Christmas gifts shown in the shop



AN EMBROIDERED BOOK COVER.

windows but one still has a desire to make something oneself.

A pretty idea is an embroidered book-cover. The conventional design can be embroidered in one or several colors on blue linen.

The cover is made on the pattern of a folding cardcase and is especially adapted to protect a handsomely bound book from becoming soiled in handling. Although the book-cover is by no means a new idea, it is too good a one to go out of fashion, and the book lover will find them an ever-welcome present.

A charming dressing sack for a young girl is made of pale pink eiderdown flannel.

AN EIDERDOWN DRESSING SACK.

The turn-down collar is slightly low at the throat.

The jacket fastens at the neck and waist with two pretty pink satin ribbons. A dainty pocket ornaments each side of the jacket over the hips.

The cuffs turn back.

The entire jacket, cuffs, pocket, etc., are edged with pink satin ribbon about an inch wide.

Odd as it may seem, it is always easier to find a pretty bonnet for a little girl, than an attractive one for a wee boy.

However, a very stylish design for a boy's bonnet is a black velvet. The full, soft brim falls jabot-fashion at each side of the face. The brim is lined with pink silk. An enormous pink satin bow and a large pink plume ornaments the front.

There is such a rush of new ideas in silk petticoats that it is a question to know which ones to select. A very handsome silk skirt is of alternating stripes of pale green, black and white stripes garlanded with pink roses. The flounce is short in front and long at the back; it is trimmed top and bottom with a narrow plaiting of heavy black satin ribbon, which is quite a novelty.

SOME LATE PETTICOATS.

A very dainty skirt is of pale pink taffeta. It is trimmed at the bottom with six rows of pink mousseline de soie, laid in perfectly plain bias folds or tucks about an inch and a half wide. Above these are two folds of white mousseline de soie. The upper fold is slightly festooned and held in place by soft rosettes of the same material.

THE LATEST.

TWO ANGELS.

ANGEL of the parting year,
Winging back to Heaven thy flight,
Sad the burden thou must bear
From the darkness into light;
Burden of my wasted days,
Fragments of my broken hours,
Budding promises that grew
Never into fruit or flowers.

Happiness I might have won,
Worthy deeds I might have wrought,
Wrongs I hate, but did not shun,
Good I crave, but never sought;
All my proud and lofty aims,
Withered now to vain regret—
Feeble, foolish as the will
To no noble purpose set.

Take them all, my griefs, my joys,
Lay them at the Father's feet;
He will search if yet there be
'Mid the chaff some grains of wheat,
He will fan my faint resolves
To a purer flame and clear,
Bear to Heaven my heart's desire,
Angel of the parting year.

And angel of the coming year,
Though thy face is vailed, I see
By the glory round thee shed,
Thou hast some good gift for me.
Is it gold, power, or fame?
Perfect peace from toil or care?
Or some sweeter, greater bliss
I had never hoped to share?

Nay, I know 'tis none of these;
Still I walk my narrow ways;
Still does lowly labor fill
All the measures of my days;
This the treasure thou hast brought,
Prized in every age and clime,
Life no greater boon can crave—
God's most precious gift of Time.

Time to shape my common cares
Into duties high and sweet;
Time to learn that patience smooths
All rough ways for tired feet;
Time to scatter here and there,
By the wayside, love's small seed,
Knowing lowliest hands may oft
Minister to highest need.

So may each day be a cup
With life's sweet flavors fraught;
Every hour a shining pearl
Strung on golden threads of thought;
Every moment a bright flower
Shedding perfume far and near.
Lend thy grace to make it so,
Angel of the coming year!
—Susan Marr Spalding, in N. Y. Weekly.

HIS HAPPY NEW YEAR.

ORDINARILY the fall term of school in the Brown district would have closed before the holidays, but this year there had been an invasion of measles right in the middle of the term, necessitating a vacation of two weeks, and Director Hathaway had insisted that the teacher make up the lost time, much to the disgust of the younger children, who had thus been deprived of their holiday freedom.

But the teacher had not been in the least incommoded by this prolongation of the term. Herbert Allen had enjoyed his first term in a country school For some reason, which he had never stopped to anaylze, there had been a peculiar fascination about his work, although it had been in a sphere of life and amidst environments so different from what he had dreamed of a year before. And yet he had unwittingly incurred the displeasure of the school board and had been recently informed that his services would not be needed longer.

And now, on the last afternoon of December, the term was over. The school had closed with "exercises" and the whole community had turned out to hear them. The boys had stammered through their "pieces," the big girls had read their "essays," and the little ones had gone through their songs and "motion exercises" to their own great satisfaction and the infinite delight of their admiring parents. Director Hathaway and Elder Sloane, at the teacher's invitation, had talked edifyingly on the "advantages of an eddication" and the "proper training of the young," and the teacher had spoken a few words of modest farewell.

At last all was over, the last scholar had said good-by to the teacher and gone. The young master seated himself at his tabie and sighed deeply as he looked around the now quiet room, especially as his eyes rested upon the seat of Helen Hathaway, the charming young daughter of the director.

The schoolhouse, on whose interior he was so disconsolately gazing as the setting sun shone through its windows and lighted up the familiar objects—the charts and pictures on the walls, the neatly executed maps and drawings, the specimens of "busy work" done by the children, the mottoes and diagrams and quotations on the blackboards—had been indeed a pleasant place to Herbert, save for the one disturbing incident. Many a cheerful modern schoolroom can be found in the country districts of the middle western states, and it is easy to see how an enthusiastic, refined young man like Herbert Allen could become attached to such a pleasant, intellectual workshop.

It would have been even easier to understand his fondness for the spot if one could have seen the sweet face of Helen Hathaway and noted the deep interest which she evinced in her algebra and history and the readiness which the young teacher displayed to help her in her pursuit of knowledge. It would have amused a disinterested observer to see the earnest devotion with which the pedagogue and his most advanced scholar delved into the mysteries of quadratic equations and how willing the young man appeared to "show" his interested and interesting pupil.

Such amiability, however, was not at all pleasing to John Warren, another of the oldest, though by no means brightest, scholars in school. Before the advent of the new teacher, John had been the recipient of an occasional smile from the director's daughter, but of late the young lady had apparently forgotten the young man in her deep absorption in algebra and history.

It was this unfortunate condition, speaking from John Warren's standpoint, that had led to Mr. Allen's discomfiture. Squire Warren was a neighbor of Director Hathaway and the two farmers were firm friends. So when the squire's son began to make disparaging remarks about the teacher, and the father, whose faith in his only son was unbounded, had become prejudiced against the young man, he mentioned the matter to the director and easily persuaded that worthy official, whose acquaintance with the teacher had extended little farther than had been incidental to the duty of making a contract with him, that "young Allen" was not a "fit person to conduct our school. He is too familiar with the scholars and hasn't enough dignity to fill such a responsible position."

Director Hathaway was a man of promptness and decision, whose will was law with the board, so when he called his colleagues together and delivered the opinion that the teacher was too young and inexperienced to conduct the winter term, the assessor and the moderator meekly acquiesced, though they both felt in their hearts that the young man had performed his duties well.

So it came about during the last week of the term that Mr. Allen had been given formal notice that his services would not be needed any longer. He had been greatly surprised and mortified at this announcement, and his pupils had shown their disapproval of the board's arbitrary action in a way that threatened open revolt—all but John Warren, who could hardly repress his exultation at the turn affairs had taken.

One year before this incident Herbert Allen had been the favored son of a rich merchant in an eastern city. His mother had long been in the grave and Herbert had spent most of his boyhood days in a famous preparatory school. Just as he was ready to enter college, financial disaster came upon his father, resulting in his ruin and subsequent death. This sudden blow of fate left Herbert dependent upon his own resources. Young and resolute in character, he made his way to the west and finally found the congenial work in the country school which he had pursued so happily until a cruel fate had again thrown him upon a selfish world without the means of employment.

SEATED HIMSELF AT HIS TABLE AND SIGHED DEEPLY.

Finally the young ex-teacher, as he now felt himself to be, was aroused from his reverie by a rap at the door, and before he could collect his wandering thoughts a curly-pated lad, breathless from running, stumbled into the room with a letter in his hand. "Say, teacher," said the boy, "I was down to the 'corners' to get Dad's mail and Mr. Jones wanted me to fetch this letter for you. He said it had been in the office 'most two weeks."

"Thank you, Charlie; my correspondence is so limited I had forgotten there was such a thing as a post office," and he took the business-like envelope in his hand and wonderingly tore it open. It read as follows:

New York, Oct. 3, 1895.—Office of J. W. Penniman, Attorney and Counselor at Law.—Mr. H. W. Allen, Oakville Corners, Mich. My Dear Sir: For the past two months I have been looking for your address and have just this day learned it. I now hasten to inform you of a very agreeable turn in your affairs. When your late lamented father became involved in financial difficulties one of the largest and most valuable of his steamships, the Dolphin, bound for the East Indies, was reported lost in a tropical hurricane. Without attempting to inform you of details, which I can better explain in person, I will simply say that the supposed loss, followed by inability to obtain the insurance, came at a critical time and brought on the failure. It now transpires that the report was incorrect. On the 20th of July, only three weeks after your father's death, the Dolphin arrived in this port with an exceedingly valuable cargo. By this unexpected stroke of fortune you are again a rich man. I have very gladly taken charge of your business interests, believing, sir, that you would wish me to do so, and shall take the liberty to act in this capacity until I hear from you.

No doubt you will at once communicate with me, but thinking it might be an accommodation to have a little ready cash I inclose draft on New York for $1,000, subject to your order. Awaiting your further instructions, I am your obedient servant, JOHN W. PENNIMAN.

Herbert read the welcome news in a dazed sort of way. He reread it more carefully, and as its full import dawned upon him exultation took the place of despondency in his breast. He picked up the draft with a feeling of elation. "This is indeed a New Year's gift! This little piece of paper is worth ten times as much as I have earned this whole term. No more need to worry for the future! The news is too good to be true. Now I can bid defiance to that august body, the school board of the Brown district!"

Just then his eye happened to rest upon some very neat algebraic characters on the blackboard which he had purposely directed "not to be erased" in order to attract the wondering attention of his visitors that afternoon. An instant change came over his spirits. "Still I would have enjoyed another term in this district. It is a shame that one's efforts are so little appreciated!"

The gathering dusk of a winter's day admonished him not to linger further, and he began to gather up his books with a constantly sinking heart. He had nearly completed his task when heavy footsteps and deep-toned voices in the hallway attracted his attention and in walked Director Hathaway, Moderator Stevens and Assessor Simmons.

"Good evening, gentlemen," was the pleasant salutation of the ex-school master.

"Good evening," replied the director, in a somewhat embarrassed tone. "We hardly expected to find you here so late. But we've jest had a board meeting down to my house and was on our way to your boarding place. Seein' the door ajar, we thought maybe as you was still in the schoolhouse, and so we stopped in. As I was a sayin', Mr. Teacher, we've jest had a board meetin', and we have come to the unanimous conclusion to reconsider our former action and ask ye to stay the winter term. As I've been sayin' to Mr. Stevens and Mr. Simmons, perhaps we was a little hasty in our course. The teacher has taught us a good school, there ain't no gittin' around it, and I guess we've been a little prejudiced. I know my Helen never took so much interest in her studies before. Then another thing that has convinced us that we ought to reconsider our action was the solemn way in which the scholars felt 'bout your leavin'. There's my daughter, for instance, she has been mopin' around the house ever sence we sent you notice, and last night after school the whole crowd of scholars came traipsin' down to my house with a petition askin' us to reconsider our vote. So, Mr. Teacher, we have thought best to yield to all this pressure and ask you to stay. What is more, we've decided to raise your wages to $30 a month."

During this long speech the spirits of the young man again rose to an exultant pitch, but he replied in a calm and dignified tone, which the gathering darkness helped him to assume:

"Gentlemen, it is indeed gratifying to me that you have thus vindicated me from the suspicion of failure in my work. But whether I can accept your offer at this late day is a question which I cannot decide without some reflection. The generosity of your offer to raise my wages is appreciated, though I shall decline to accept the increase. I will carefully consider your kind offer and leave my decision with Director Hathaway to-morrow morning."

The interview was now ended, and the board solemnly and with some surprise at the independent but perfectly courteous manner of the youthful master, withdrew.

New Year's morning, as the young teacher repaired to the home of the director, he felt that he had been doubly blessed. Yesterday he was but a poor and unappreciated school-teacher. To-day he is the possessor of a snug fortune and stands vindicated before the school district! Does the reader wonder which thought gave him greater pleasure? And the answer which the young pedagogue gave to the director that morning; if anyone doubts its character, the joyful smile which lit up the sweet face of the director's daughter when she heard it would have made further questioning useless.—Detroit Free Press.

A WATCHWORD FOR THE NEW YEAR.

WHEN you find a certain lack
In the stiffness of your back
At a threatened fierce attack,
Just the hour
That you need your every power,
Look a bit
For a thought to baffle it.
Just recall that every knave,
Every coward, can be brave,
Till the time
That his courage should be prime—
Then 'tis fled.
Keep your head!
What a folly 'tis to lose it
Just the time you want to use it.

When the ghost of some old shirk
Comes to plague you, and to lurk
In your study or your work,
Here's a hit
Like enough will settle it:
Knowledge is a worthy prize:
Knowledge comes to him who tries—
Whose endeavor
Ceases never.
Everybody would be wise
As his neighbor,
Were it not that they who labor
For the trophy creep, creep, creep,
While the others lag or sleep:
And the sun comes up some day
To behold one on his way
Past the goal
Which the soul
Of another has desired,
But whose motto was: "I'm tired."

When the task of keeping guard
Of your heart—
Keeping weary watch and ward
Of the part
You are called upon to play
Every day—
Is becoming dry and hard—
Conscience languid, virtue irksome,
Good behavior growing worksome—
Think this thought:
Doubtless everybody could,
Doubtless everybody would,
Be superlatively good,
Were it not
That it's harder keeping straight
Than to deviate;
And to keep the way of right,
You must have the pluck to fight.
—St. Nicholas.

FOR TOMMY.

IT WAS New Year's eve, but the tramp did not know that. He was tired and hungry. He had been walking all day and had not been well treated. At many houses he had been turned away without ceremony; at others work had been offered. Only one woman had taken him in and fed him for nothing, and she had given him soda bread which always disagreed with him, and cold tea. The profession was not what it had been cracked up to be, thought the tramp, and he began to think that the burglar had the best of it after all. He had always called himself an honest man, and he now and then split wood, when he could not get food without, but, after all, was honesty the best policy? He knew burglars who had their little houses as neat and pretty as anyone would ask to see. Texts round the walls, too, "God bless our Home," and all that. The tramp liked a pretty text. This very afternoon he had been walking with a burglar—they separated when they came to the village in mutual though friendly distrust—who was going home with a New Year's present for his little boy—a gold watch it was. He had taken it from an old curmudgeon who kept it locked in a box doing no good to anybody. That burglar was going home to have a cozy time with his wife and child, and here was he, a tramp, an honest man, and not able to get a bite of supper. Decidedly, tramping was not what he had been led to believe it. He thought he should try stealing, after all; he stopped, full of thought, and looked around him.

A bright light shone from the window of a cottage hard by; the blind was up; the tramp stepped to the window and looked in. A neat, bright, cozy kitchen, a little old woman busy over the stove. No sign of masculine presence anywhere.

"I'll try here!" said the tramp.

He opened the door without knocking and went in. The little woman looked up. "Good evenin'!" she said. "I didn't hear ye knock. What can I do for ye?"

"I want some money," said the tramp hoarsely, for he had made up his mind now.

"Well, I haven't got a cent!" said the little woman, "and if I had I wouldn't be fool enough to give it to you. So there it is, you see! But you can do something for me!" she added, brightly. "You've come just in the nick of time. I want this soup taken to a sick boy round in the next street. His mother is sick, too, and can't cook things nice as he ought to have 'em; hasn't means to get 'em, neither, I expect; and I set out that he should have something good and hot to go to sleep on and begin the new year with nourishment inside him."

All the time she was talking the little woman was busy getting out a bowl and cover and finding a clean napkin.

"Here!" she said, and she poured some of the steaming broth into a small cup. "See if that ain't good! I guess likely 'tis."

The tramp glowered at her, but drank the broth and said it was good.

"Then you take this!" said the little woman. "Go round the corner to the fourth white house and say it's for Tommy. What ye waitin' for?"

"I didn't come here to do errands!" said the tramp.

"Yes, you did!" said the little woman, sharply. "That's just what you come for. I've been waitin' the past half hour for the Lord to send some one—I can't go out at night myself, fear of the asthmy—and He's sent you. Reckon He knows what He's about!"

She pushed the tramp out gently but decidedly and shut the door on him.

"Well, I swan!" said the tramp.

He carried the bowl safely to the fourth white house from the corner. Once, indeed, he stopped on the way and muttered to himself.

"Tommy!" he said, and his tone expressed deep injury. "You'd think they might have called him William, or something else. There's names enough, you'd think, without hittin' on Tommy. But that's the way! A man don't have no chance!"

A horse and buggy stood before the white house, and when he knocked the door was opened by a short, square man with "doctor" written all over him.

"What's this?" asked the doctor.

"Soup!" said the tramp, "for Tommy!"

"Who sent you?" asked the doctor. "Old woman, brown house round the corner? All right! If she sent you I suppose you are a respectable fellow. Just jump into my buggy and drive to 140 Gage street! Give this note to my wife—Mrs. Jones—and bring back the medicine she will give you. Hurry, now! I can't leave this boy, and I've been waiting half an hour for somebody to come along."

He nodded, and shut the door.

"Well, I swan!" said the tramp again.

He pocketed the note and drove rapidly away. He did not know where Gage street was, but a few questions put him on the right track, and after a drive of some minutes he drew up before a neat white villa standing back among shrubberies.

A lady answered his ring. She began to speak before she saw him. "Why, John!" she cried. "Did you forget your key? I heard the buggy wheels — O, mercy! Who is this?"

The tramp gave her the note, which she read quickly.

"Yes," she said, "O, certainly! I will get them at once. And while you are waiting"—she looked at the tramp, doubtfully. "The doctor sent you—it must be all—I wonder if you would be so very obliging as to look at the furnace for me? Our man is gone off; I don't know where he can be, and I am sure there is something wrong. The house is cold as a barn, and I can't leave the baby more than a moment, and my girl is sick. If you would be so kind!"

She showed him the cellar door and ran to get the medicine.

The tramp stumped down the cellar stairs, shook the furnace thoroughly, put coal on and shut it up.

When he went up the fire was burning well, and the doctor's wife was waiting for him with a packet and a cup of hot coffee.

"You must be cold," she said. "And I am so much obliged. I cannot imagine where Thomas can be."

"You're a lady, mum," said the tramp.

On the way back he was hailed by a woman who came to her gate with a shawl over her head.

"Say, mister, was you goin' anywheres near the post office?"

"Most probably I was," said the tramp. "I'm in the delivery business to-night."

"Then if you'd post this letter for me I'd be a thousand times obliged to you. It's to my son, and he'll fret if he don't hear from me New Year's day. Thank you, sir! I hope your mother feels comfortable about you this cold night."

The tramp winced at this. He said nothing, but took the letter and went.

As he drove by a street lamp a rough voice called to him to stop. He checked the horse, and was aware of the burglar with whom he had walked and talked a few hours before.

"Hello, pal!" said the burglar. "You're in luck! Seems to me you was the feller that was goin' to stay an honest man, was you? And got a team a'ready! That's smart business. Gimme a lift!"

The tramp grunted and shook his head.

"I'm on an errand," he said, "for a sick child."

"Sick granny!" said the burglar. "You go shares or I'll give you up."

He grasped the horse's bridle as he spoke, and his looks were ugly enough.

"All right," said the tramp. "Jump in."

He threw back the robes and held out his hand. The burglar left the horse's head and was in the act of springing into the buggy when a well-planted blow sent him sprawling on his back in the road.

The tramp drove on rapidly. "Some folks ain't no sense of what's right and fittin'," he muttered. "There's a time for everything. That's Scripture."

He found the doctor waiting at the door of the white cottage.

"Sharp's the word!" said the doctor. "I was getting uneasy, my man."

"So was I," said the tramp. He explained that the hired man was gone and the lady had asked him to see to the furnace.

"Gone, has he?" said the doctor, and his face darkened. "Then that's the last time. He needn't come back, the tipsy rascal."

Again he looked keenly at the tramp, who was shifting a buckle of the harness in a very knowing way.

"Know anything about horses?" he asked.

"Reckon," said the tramp.

"Who are you, anyhow?" asked the doctor.

"Well, I was wonderin'," said the tramp. "I took care o' horses five years. I been sick, and since then I been trampin' a spell. To-night I started out to be a burglar, but I ain't had no chance. I might as well go back to work again and done with it."

"I think you might!" said the doctor. "Come in and help me with this boy. He's pretty sick, and his mother's not much better."

"Well, it's all in the night's work," said the tramp. "I'll be dressmakin' before I get through with this."

He stepped inside, but stopped short at the bedroom door with a white face. A child's voice was heard within, asking for water.

"Who's that?" asked the tramp, staring at the doctor. "Whose voice is that?"

"Tommy's," said the doctor. "Tommy Trent."

"O, my Lord!" said the tramp. "How did he come here?"

"His mother came some weeks ago," said the doctor, "to get work in the mill. Good, steady woman. She was doing well till she fell sick, and then Tommy took this fever. Nice boy, Tommy. Do you know anything about them? They seem to be quite alone. There was an older son, I believe, but he seems to have got into bad ways and gone off. Do you know anything about Mrs. Trent?"

"Reckon," said the tramp. He hid his face against the wall for a moment; then he turned upon the doctor with flaming eyes. "Something's ben after me to-night!" he said, fiercely. "Things is all of a piece! I don't say what it is. You may call it the Lord if you're a mind to. I shan't say nothin'. I tell you I ain't had no chance." He put the doctor aside with one hand and slipped noiselessly into the low room. "Tommy," he said, softly, "how's things?"

The sick boy started up on his elbow with a cry, looked, then fell back on his pillow laughing and crying. "It's all right!" he said. "Mother, it's all right! I'll get well now! Brother Jim's come!"

"Reckon," said the tramp.—Laura E. Richards, in Congregationalist.

"SAY IT'S FOR TOMMY."

A TOO EXPENSIVE GIFT.

He—Won't you be my New Year's gift, darling?

She—Papa positively prohibits my giving expensive presents, and I'm worth a million, you know.—Detroit Free Press.

DAY'S

CHRISTMAS, 1898.

Season for Gladness and Good Cheer.

We're ready for a larger volume of Christmas trade than ever. We confidently expect it. Each year more is expected, more is prepared. OUR STORE is filled with a carefully selected stock of

Christmas Good Things

Our Line of

Nuts and

Confectionery.

Selected with great care from the largest and best markets, is Fresh, New Stock and will please you.

OUR MARKET. In keeping with it's past record, will be replete with the choicest meats obtainable.

HOME-DRESSED POULTRY,

CHRISTMAS

MINCE MEAT, HOME-MADE,

FRESH BALTIMORE OYSTERS,

and many other things required to make up your

CHRISTMAS FARE.

We advise early ordering so that perfect service and satisfaction will be doubly assured.

Absolutely the finest assortment of Groceries, Meats, etc., comes from this best of family stores.

A Complete

Holiday Market.

Shopping made a delight when done at our store. A thorough inspection of stock is cordially invited, whether you purchase or not.

We Aim to

Please,

AND RARELY MISS.

Special attention given to telephone and mail orders.

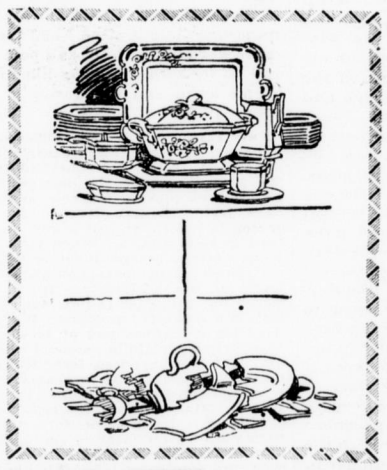
A special feature is our fruit and vegetable department, and here will be found the finest goods obtainable in the line of Cranberries, Imported and Domestic Grapes, Pears, Apples, Florida and Jamaica Oranges, Lemons, Grape Fruit, Celery, Lettuce, Sweet Potatoes and such other vegetables as the market affords.

We Also Call Special Attention to our very Extensive Line of

Queensware, Lamps, Decorated AND Plain Toilet Ware AND Fancy China,

And many things too numerous to mention. Don't forget that some of the handsomest ornaments in the way of Jardiniers and Lamps are to be found in our stock. We can interest and please you if you will call to see what a variety of beautiful things we have.

Think it Over. Don't Wait. Order Early.



Elegant Line of Fruits and Confectionery.

YOURS TO SERVE,

J. H. DAY.

Fourth Street, Emporium, Pa. Telephone 6.

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I gave Jane a locket on Christmas day, 1896. It was of gold, enriched with a design in diamonds. The jeweler gave me his word that they were real diamonds, and I gave mine to Jane. It was obvious anyhow, for glass diamonds are larger.

I pointed out to Jane the advantage of having diamonds so small that every one would know they were genuine, and she said with delicious flattery that no one else could have thought of that.

The locket was shaped like a heart, as that organ is figured in the jeweler's physiology. It was very beautiful on the outside, and it had my portrait on the inside. So that, viewed throughout, it averaged well, as lockets go.

Opposite my portrait were some words engraved in the customary copy book script, so appropriate to the majority of sentiments that are graven on trinkets.

That which I had chosen, however, was not open to such criticism. I have no liking for foreign phrases culled from the back of the dictionary and comprising all that either giver or recipient knows of that particular language. So I contented myself with:

"Gerald to Jane. Christmas, 1896.'

For some inscrutable reason the engraver cut the names very large and the date very small, setting the latter to the left and below. This style may have been fashionable or artistic, but it produced a singular effect of incompleteness, and I did not like it. However, it suggested an idea to me.

In explanation of it let me say that Christmas day, 1896, was the first of our engagement. We did not know that we loved each other till quite late in the afternoon of the day before. Everybody else knew it.

My office boy could have told you that I was in love, and as for Jane's family—the Wetherells—from the head of the house down to Jane's little fox terrier with "Beauty Wetherell" on his collar, they were all fully aware of our sentiments.

Beauty didn't bark at me, and the rest of the family were obviously studying my good points in order to prepare for the inevitable.

But I was fairly shivering with fear lest Jane did not love me, and when I had told her what my heart would hold no longer, she said with tears in her eyes that it came as a great surprise to her.

I had a ring that had been my mother's, but as for the locket, I had just time to buy it before the stores closed on Dec. 24, and I bribed an engraver by a great fee to work by night upon the lettering.

The portrait was stripped from a photograph she liked, and pasted in. So the locket and our love were new on Christmas day. And now for the idea that I have mentioned.

"When you cease to love me, Jane," said I, "fill out that line with another date. Thus we shall have the life of a love, as men's lives are recorded on their tombstones—'born, so and so; died such a year.'"

"There will be no dates when I cease to love you," said she, "for dates end with time."

That should have satisfied any one, yet I was not willing to give up my own idea. Few men are, even when they're in love, and a great deal of trouble grows out of it.

"Promise me," said I, "that you will keep the locket always, and that you will add the other date when love is done."

Under protest and with her hands clasped in mine so tightly that it seemed nothing could ever part them, she promised.

What would either of us have said to any absurd creature who had dared to prophesy that before another Christmas should come we would be estranged? Nothing that he'd have liked to hear, you may be sure.

Yet it happened. The cause? Heaven may know. You cannot learn it of me. Perhaps I made a nuisance of myself by ...ing her too much; it is a great mis...ake.

I remember that our first difference resulted from Jane's assertion that love did not make me happy, and also that my attempt to prove that it did was productive of great unhappiness for both of us. What is the use of trying to prove anything to a woman?

If I had simply been happy, she would have felt it, and that with her sex is much better than knowing.

Still I don't see how so small a matter as my happiness could have parted us or why we supposed that such a parting would help it. I only know that one evening when I left her house I wasn't engaged any more, and New York wasn't New York any more, and the moon in heaven was not the moon.

My happiness—or whatever it may have been—had lasted a little less than a year.

We did not publish our estrangement. Few persons outside her family knew anything about it.

Christmas was drawing near, and a doleful day it was likely to be for me. The last three I had spent in the Wetherells' home, and the change from that to a lonely bachelor apartment and a cheerless dinner at a club was enough to make me wish that I had been a pagan with no knowledge of this sacred festival.

In any event, however, I should not have been at the Wetherell house that year, for since the early part of November Jane and I had been bound by a promise to the Grays of Princeton, who were to give an old fashioned Christmas party in their historic mansion.

Of course we could not go under the new order of things. I had written a note of regret, with some mild falsehood as my excuse, but I understood that Jane had told the truth in her own letter of declination to Mrs. Gray.

At the last moment I was seized with a desire to go. Perhaps it was impossible for me to face the prospect of spending the day alone. Whatever may have been the impulse, I wrote again to Mrs. Gray and begged to be allowed to change my mind.

My friendship with them all was close enough to permit of such an unconventional act and to justify me in expecting the cordial reply which I received by the earliest possible mail.

Thus it happened that I took a train from New York on Christmas forenoon with a heart so heavy that I don't see how the engine managed to haul it.

I would not positively assert that this overweight was responsible for the disaster of the day, but whether from that or some strictly mechanical cause the train on the little branch from the Junction to Princeton jumped the track about 300 yards from Princeton station and distributed itself crosswise upon the rails.

No one was hurt, but there was considerable excitement. A woman who was sitting behind me clasped her large, warm arms around my neck and yelled into my ear that we should all be killed, and if her husband had not come to my rescue I should never have breathed again.

This incident delayed me so much that I was one of the last to leave the train. Looking ahead from the platform of the car, I saw the passengers walking the track in a long procession, and among them, to my inexpressible surprise, was Jane!

She was not more than twice a car's length from me and was looking back when my glance rested on her, but she immediately turned away and began to walk with the others toward the station.

The sight of her filled my mind with confusion. Of course she could not be journeying to Princeton on that day with any other goal than the Grays' Christmas party. It was equally obvious that she would not have come if she had had any idea that I was to be present.

Undoubtedly she had been deceived by my declination of the invitation, as I by hers.

Such being the case, it was my plain duty to flee. I could not subject her to the annoyance of meeting me. Neither, to be perfectly frank, could I stand such a collision myself.

The best course seemed to be to loiter until Jane had ridden away in one of the Grays' carriages that would surely be waiting at the station, and then to look up some conveyance that could take me back to Princton Junction.

I approached the station warily, for I did not wish to be seen by any one who would report my presence to the Grays. I saw one of their equipages moving away filled with people, but could not be sure whether Jane was of the number.

Inquiring of a baggage man, whom I found in an obscure corner of the station platform, I learned that two coaches were already waiting for passengers who wished to ride over to the Junction. He pointed out an ancient and ponderous hack, and, after a word with the driver, I climbed in.

There was already one passenger, a lady who sat on the rear seat. I did not notice her particularly until we were face to face in the vehicle, and then I perceived that she was Jane.

"You saw me, then!" I cried.

"Yes," said she, "I saw you on the train, and, thinking that it would be embarrassing for you to meet me at the party, I decided to go back to New York. You must get right out and go to the Grays'."

"Certainly not," said I warmly. "Do you suppose that I will spoil your day by driving you back to New York in this way? I am not such a brute. I will return, but you must go to the party. I never would have come here but that I heard you had declined."

"So did I," said she, "but I changed my mind day before yesterday. Mother wanted me to go. She thought it would be well for me to do so."

"Jane," said I, with a trembling voice, "has this folly of ours so hurt you that your mother is anxious and"—

"Not in the least," she answered quickly. "You entirely misunderstand me."

"It has frequently been my misfortune to do that," I replied. "But it's too late to speak of it now. Won't you please forget that you saw me today and go to the party as you had intended?"

But she wouldn't do anything of the sort, and we sat there disputing as to which of us should be the human sacrifice and which should go to the party until three more passengers for the Junction arrived and cut off our discussion.

The subject involved too many intimate details for us to talk of it in the presence of strangers, and the situation, which had been bad enough before, was rendered much worse by their advent.

Jane and I had been unable to arrive at a decision before they came, and we certainly couldn't do it afterward. Neither of us could leave the carriage without seeming to sacrifice the other, and the result was that we remained and were trundled over to the Junction.

We had to converse, because the others had heard us talking and subsequent silence would have seemed peculiar. As we could not speak of the one topic which interested us, we spoke of everything that didn't. I wish I could remember all the stupid things we said. They would make a first rate modern society drama of the innocuous kind.

The ride seemed so long that I was afraid the driver had lost his way, but if he had he found it again, for we pulled up alongside the station at last.

We went into the writing room, and there, in a corner, we renewed our discussion. I tried to persuade Jane to go back to Princeton, and she insisted that I should do so.

We became so interested that we let

"PROMISE ME THAT YOU WILL KEEP THE LOCKET ALWAYS."

(Continued on Page 12.)

JORDAN BROS.

—Dealers in—

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Dry Goods, Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats, Fruit in season, Tobacco, Cigars, Confectionery and School Supplies.

A complete line of Fall and Winter Goods.

We would be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock whether you purchase or not.

Goods delivered anywhere in town, free of charge.

JORDAN BROS.,

No. 43, W. Fifth St., Emporium.

Traveler's Guide.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R

Time Table taking Effect June 6th, 1898.

"The Grand Scenic Route."

Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad and Connections.

READ UP.

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	.....	.....
ar. K't'ng Smt...	8 55	7 38	.....	12 25	.....	.....
.....Austin,....	8 10	7 08	.....	12 00	.....	.....
....Costello,....	.....	7 00	.....	11 53	.....	.....
...Wharton,....	.....	6 46	.....	11 41	.....	.....
Cross Fork J'ct,	.....	6 00	.....	10 56	.....	.....
....Corbett,....	.....	5 31	.....	10 29	.....	.....
...Germania,....	.....	5 20	.....	10 18	.....	.....
dp..Galeton....	P. M.	5 13	.....	10 12	.....	.....
ar. "	7 10	.....	12 55	10 00	.....	.....
... Gaines,....	6 55	.....	12 41	9 42	.....	.....
..Sabinsville,..	6 30	.....	12 17	9 06	.....	.....
...Westfield,....	6 19	.....	12 06	8 52	.....	.....
.. Knoxville....	6 05	.....	11 50	8 30	.....	.....
....Osceola,....	5 55	.....	11 41	8 07	.....	.....
....Elkland,....	5 51	.....	11 36	7 58	.....	.....
Lv Addison,....	5 15	.....	11 05	7 15	.....	.....
	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	.....	.....

READ DOWN.

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	.....	.....
Lv K'ting Smt...	.....	12 40	7 50	9 10	.....	.....
.....Austin....	6 40	1 05	8 20	9 50	.....	.....
....Costello....	6 47	1 12	.....	.....	.....	.....
....Wharton....	6 59	1 24	.....	.....	.....	.....
Cross Fork Jct.	7 44	2 09	.....	.....	.....	.....
....Corbett....	8 11	2 36	.....	.....	.....	.....
....Germania...	8 22	2 47	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ar. Galeton,	8 28	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Lv. Galeton,	8 38	2 53	.....	.....	.....	.....
.....Gaines....	8 52	3 08	.....	.....	.....	.....
..Sabinsville....	9 21	3 33	.....	.....	.....	.....
...Westfield....	9 33	3 43	.....	.....	.....	.....
.. Knoxville....	9 47	3 56	.....	.....	.....	.....
....Osceola....	9 58	4 06	.....	.....	.....	.....
....Elkland....	10 03	4 11	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ar. Addison....	10 34	4 43	.....	.....	.....	.....
	A. M.	P. M.	.....	.....	.....	.....

Read up.				Read down.		
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	.....
.....	5 10	10 00	Ar..Galeton Lv	6 30	1 05	.....
.....	4 51	9 41	....Walton....	6 47	1 24	.....
.....	4 27	9 17	..Newfield Jct..	7 13	1 50	.....
.....	4 09	8 59	West Bingham,.	7 30	2 06	.....
.....	3 58	8 48	.....Genesee....	7 41	2 18	.....
.....	3 53	8 43	....Shongo	7 46	2 24	.....
.....	3 30	8 20	dp Wellsville ar	8 06	2 46	.....
.....	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	.....
.....	4 40	10 10	ar...Galeton.. lv	8 25	2 00	.....
.....	4 20	9 58	.....Gaines.....	8 43	2 26	.....
.....	3 50	9 38	lv. Ansonia ..ar	9 15	3 00	.....

STATIONS.

.....	P. M.	A. M.	ar	dp	A. M.	P. M.
.....	2 00	7 30	Cross F'k Junc.		11 00	6 00
.....	1 00	6 30	dp Cross Fork	ar	12 00	7 00

	A. M.
.....	.....
.....	.....
.....	.....

I WOULD like to have the Christmas time I remember now so well;
So many things forgotten that would be a joy to tell;
Not a gath'ring in a meeting house with a faded Christmas tree—
Such things are common now-a-adays, but didn't used to be—
Where the parson and his family, all for Sunday meeting drest,
Of the presents hung upon it always have the most and best!
Where the little ragged urchin, with his face clad in regret,
Can look with wide-eyed wonder at the things he'll never get!
There were no velvet cushions on our nineteenth century chairs;
No fine and padded tapestry where we knelt to say our prayers:
No costly paintings on the walls that somehow always stay,
In a sort of mocking elegance when the guests have gone away.
No gaslight throwing diamonds in your eyes at every turn,
Nor frappe from the punch bowl, tea from costly silver urn;
No prancing steeds and butler, with furs and furbelows,
To shield the rose-clad maidens from the prying winter snows!
But the old log house in Herman, that was such a cozy home,
With its shingle-covered arches that to us was heaven's dome;
Its basswood floor of puncheon, the pegs beside the door,
Just enough to hang the wardrobe of the family and no more.
The rifle and the powder flask, with its curious catch and spring;
The belt with sheath knife in it, bullet molds and everything,
Hung upon the dry, cracked rafter out of reach of careless hands,
But ready, opportunely, when a sudden call demands.
Along in first December, when the woods and fields were white,
And the owls were holding concerts of the hooting kind at night,
There were hints of coming Christmas, and a half unconscious awe
Settled on our youthful features in a way you never saw!
Six of us in that household, I well may call it seven,
But that one, a little three-year-old, had strayed away to Heaven:
Six make even numbers, if we count it two by two,
But I'll put the other in it for completeness; wouldn't you?
We were told to hang our stockings and then to quickly leave—
This was early in the evening of that famous Christmas eve—
And we scrambled up the ladder to the chamber overhead,
To whisper speculations on the things that had been said.
Outside the storm was dancing in fantastic flights amain,
Sowing crystal stars in showers against the window pane;
Yet sheltered in that household we little cared for this,
When no harm would dare to venture between us and mother's kiss!
Very early in the morning, while the stars were shining bright—
For the clouds had fled the scandal of disrobing in the night!—
We sought our hanging stockings on the backs of every chair—
The ones we wore the day before, for we had no more to spare!
Compared with what we have to-day it would be counted small,
But the gifts were rich in kindness; for each one gave his all;
The apples were like spheres of gold, and all the little things
Were more to us than diadems from crowns of ancient kings!
The hands that filled our stockings on that night so long ago,
The hearts that beat for those they loved, are whiter now than snow
That scatters on this Christmas eve its crystal fleece of white,
Reminder of that household where in dreams we live at night.

—Edward William Dutcher, in Banner of Gold.

IT WAS the Pentlands' first dinner under their own roof-tree. The plum pudding had made the circuit of the dining-room. Every face at the festive board reflected good cheer.

As city editor and society chronicler of the Lone Star, the Pentlands had met, loved, married and continued to work side by side until their joint earnings enabled them to build this pretty Queen Anne Cottage; and to the house-warming had been bidden their Christmas eve friends tried and true. Elizabeth Pentland's ambition was achieved; she possessed a home. As she surveyed the table snowy in white linen, glistening in silver and cut glass, and caught through the holly and mistletoe the approving coo of the infant heir to Pentland "affections and good-will," and the congratulatory smiles of their guests, her happy face lifted in gratitude.

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Pentland, "this is one social event I am not called upon to chronicle."

"Amen," said the city editor.

"How like a story," said Mrs. Weatherell; "one of those good, old-fashioned, wholesome love stories I am so hungry to read. By the way, can anybody tell us what has become of the old-fashioned love story?"

"Like the day of miracles, my dear, it has passed." Elizabeth Pentland's cynicism was acquired before she met the city editor.

"The telling, you mean; but love—not a bit of it. It's as young and as full of vitality as this King of Love Feasts—Christmas itself."

Mrs. Weatherell was one of those rare women at peace with self and the world, despite the fact that the latter persisted in believing her wretchedly unhappy. As pretty a woman as one meets in a long day's walk was Mrs. Wetherell; nature and art fitted her to shine in brilliant society. But Mrs. Wetherell's beauty was of the spirit as well as the flesh. Never was she known to complain. The husband whom the world dubbed a miserable failure was still to her the Prince Charming who won her heart when she was toasted the loveliest girl in her "set."

At five and forty Mrs. Wetherell judged all marital relations from her own vantage ground—the love that is eternal. It was this refreshing, Arcadian strain in her nature that attracted and held the affection of Elizabeth Pentland, whose knowledge of "men and things" had come from hard knocks with the world.

"I am sick unto nausea," sighed Mrs. Wetherell, "of the problems involved in the modern love story. How refreshing it would seem to meet once more in print love on the old familiar grounds!"

"Fancy," laughed Miss Dashaway, sketch artist of Good Form, "the tag end of this century wading through Jane Austen!"

"Notwithstanding the speed and spirit of the times," said Return Betram, a sculptor who had outlived his contemporaries, consequently his fame, "material for Jane Austen stories is not wanting in our own day."

"No, not while you are with us, Betram," chuckled the city editor, replenishing the patriarchal chiseler's glass.

The ox-like eyes of the sturdy little sculptor, dilating with the youth that in art is never old, blinked knowingly.

SAT PLAYING WITH THE TRIVIAL THING.

"Betram has a story he is bursting to tell," cried the city editor. "Mrs. Wetherell has given him the cue. I wager a choice public is about to be supplied with a revised, annotated, up-to-date edition of Jane Austen."

"Imagine a Jane Austen of the Latin quarter!" smiled Mrs. Pentland, with an encouraging nod.

"For once the clever Mrs. Pentland is in error," said the sculptor, settling in his chair with the ease of a raconteur sure of one telling arrow in his quiver. "Nothing could be more remote from the Latin quarter than this story which the drift of the conversation makes so timely. To be candid, my chief purpose in accepting Mrs. Pentland's hospitality was to recount Hillhouse's romance."

"He was my best friend," continued Betram, encircling the table with a second significant twinkle; "I may say a lifelong friend. About a year ago Hillhouse was called to Barrington to work on the equestrian statue of which you may have heard. He took a studio in a back bay house that had outlived not only prosperity but gentility. The studio confronted a formidable row of dwellings in a very similar state. These houses were occupied for the most part by lodgers and mealers of various ages and colors and conditions of servitude. In intervals of inspiration, and they were not infrequent with Hillhouse, he fell, between whiffs of his pipe, to speculating on the daily occupation and the heart stories of his heterogeneous neighbors. One of his studio windows looked almost impertinently into a hall-room of the most imposing house in the row. To Hillhouse's surprise, his mirror one day reflected its occupant, who riveted his attention with a fascination almost as irresistible as that which wrought the ruin of Paul Pry." Betram paused. The interest in his auditor's eyes urged him on.

"She was a frail little woman," he said, at length, "with a certain faded splendor, the splendor of a brilliant autumnal flower that defies drought and frost, and with a color and perfume of its own, holds sway long after its garden companions lie withered and dead. She rarely went out save in the flush of the morning or late in the twilight. Her room, like herself, bespoke a faded splendor, discernible even from Hillhouse's studio. A window-garden of old-fashioned bloom and a plentifully-stocked bookcase that crowded the small apartment almost to suffocation, absorbed her days.

"Certain hours she was wont to sit in the window, an open book in her lap, her heavily-fringed gray eyes lost in invisible worlds. I know not whether it was the style of her dress—the white mull fichu, closed on the low bosom to fall in graceful folds to the hem of her voluminous dark skirt, or the outline of the coiffure, so like the mode prevalent when Hillhouse was the Beau Brummel of his world—that attracted his attention; but the sculptor soon found himself modeling her delicate profile. Hillhouse, it goes without saying, was a bachelor, in whom the wine of youth was scarcely less beady at 50 than in the flush of youth."

"Just such a chap as our own Betram," interposed Pentland.

"Hillhouse's faith, devotion I may say, to the ideal in life, as an art," continued Betram, "has survived the gross materialism of the times with which advancing age found him curiously in and out of tune. Away back in the golden youth lay his romance—a romance that unconsciously shaped and colored his life, lending a perennial freshness to the man, which he strove to impart to his work. As the delicate features of his unknown neighbor grew under his deft touch the chords of memory awoke, and Hillhouse had begun to revel again in that golden past, when suddenly his model moved.

"A carriage with the livery of an exclusive world had drawn up at her door. A lady muffled in sable alighted, and soon Hillhouse beheld his little neighbor in the arms of a stranger. It was the first visitor that had come, in Hillhouse's time, to that modest door. The next day it snowed steadily; but about three in the afternoon his neighbor surprised him by appearing at the street door, bonneted. With rapid strides she disappeared down the avenue—to appear before he had smoked three pipes at her favorite seat in the window. The light fell strongly on the profile, which now seemed rejuvenated by some inner glow. Hillhouse snatched the clay and made haste to finish the interrupted sitting. He had not worked long, however, until he was sharing his model's quiet mirth.

"A street fakir had evidently inveigled her into buying a mechanical toy, such as abound in the streets of our large cities during the holiday season. Far into twilight this stately autumnal flower sat playing with the trivial thing; and the footprints of time magically vanished from her sweet face, as she repeatedly pulled the string, and the grotesque wooden monkey, with its multi-colored jacket, slid up and down the yellow pole. Through the veil of snowflakes Hillhouse continued to watch his neighbor, and as her smiles at the monkey's antics broadened his guffaws filled the lonely studio with companionable echoes. Suddenly there was a rift in the lute. The incorrigible monkey was perched at the top of the pole and refused to budge. In vain the sorceress cast her spell. The toy fell from her hands a wreck; disaster, dire distress, beclouded her face. Not a shadow escaped Hillhouse. In a jiffy he had seized his hat and was knocking at her door.

"'I have observed from my window—I am your neighbor,' he exclaimed, locating his eerie den across the way—'that you have met with an accident. I am not without some mechanical skill, and I thought I might be of service.'

"She opened the door wide for him to enter. In the dignity of her presence the shabby gentility of her surroundings vanished.

"'You are kind, sir,' she said. 'To-morrow is Christmas.'

"'Ah! so it is,' said Hillhouse. 'I had forgotten.'

"'I promised to take Christmas dinner yesterday after long years of separation. There is a little boy in the family, and I thought the toy would amuse him.'

"'And so it will,' laughed Hillhouse, 'as it has you and me.'

"She colored like an old-fashioned garden pink, and her limpid gray eyes dropped as he picked up the mutilated monkey. In less time than it takes to tell, this grotesque representative of the 'missing link' was restored to its pristine agility.

"'How can I thank you?'

"'By telling me some day,' said Hillhouse, 'that your young friend's enjoyment of the toy has been greater than ours.'

"Some days elapsed before Hillhouse had the courage to knock a second time at his neighbor's door. In the interval he had learned a little of her history. It was not without a purpose that he scanned the bookcase until his eyes lighted on a strangely familiar volume.

"'I see Miss Foxglove is an admirer of Lucile,' remarked Hillhouse.

"'It belongs to the past.'

"'Then it has not been opened for some time?'

"Miss Foxglove's gray eyes turned within.

"'A quarter of a century,' she said.

"He took the volume from the shelf, and with strange misgiving turned the leaves until arrested by a much underscored canto, from which fell a faded—foxglove.

"'With a smile whose divinely deep sweetness disclosed
Some depths in her nature he never had known.'

"The eyes of Lavinia Foxglove met his.

"'The volume has never been opened,' she said—sudden pallor in her queenly presence—'since an old, old friend borrowed it, returned it—and then—then—'

"'What happened?'

"'He went away.'

"'And then?'

"'The world changed.'

"She took the volume Hillhouse handed her to read in the lines the foxglove had stained the confession she had waited in vain to hear from the lips of the borrower so long ago."

"You don't mean to tell us," cried Miss Dashaway, "that there lives in this age a man stupid enough to expect a woman to look in a book for a proposal?"

"But that happened a quarter of a century ago," laughed Mrs. Pentland.

"True," said Betram, "and the poor lout supposed that the girl had eagerly devoured every word underscored, while she naturally laid the volume away and never looked at it again until Hillhouse opened it and bade her read the lines which embodied his proposal. Not having heard from her, he went away in a moment of pique and never returned. From time to time he heard of her conquests, but it seems they were but flirtations which he strove in vain to forget. Youth passed away, as did her family ties, until she was left alone in the world, with a mere pittance that cut her off from the gay circle in which she was once so brilliant an ornament."

"Well, she must be a moss-grown foxglove," laughed Miss Dashaway. "I thought the species extinct. Fancy a modern woman pining over a delinquent lover, burying herself in a hall-room with an Angora cat and a window garden!"

"How does it come, Betram," said Pentland, "that your quasi-Austen heroine escaped clubdom?"

"No reflection on club women," reproved the hostess. "To forget history there is nothing like helping to make it."

"Bravo," cried the telegraph editor.

"I can understand Miss Foxglove," said Mrs. Wetherell, giving the story teller a sympathetic smile. "She was born too early to grasp the spirit of the new movement and adjust herself to its exactions. Being an offspring of the old order of things, she clung instinctively to a belief that her heart's desire would some day be fulfilled. As she waited, opportunity slipped by."

"If I recollect rightly," said Frothingham, "everything had plenty of time to slip by in a Jane Austen story."

"But isn't it time for the cleric?" smiled Mrs. Wetherell. "Jane Austen without the clergy is Hamlet without the prince."

Betram's glowing eyes took in the guests who had followed his story with the bantering old friendship admits. "To-morrow at high noon," said he, "Rev. Dr. Broughton will await you at the 'Red Brick church,' and after the ceremony Lavinia and I will be at home at the studio—its latch string, you know, is always out—where we hope to dispense 'Christmas cheer throughout the year.'"

"The deuce!" cried the city editor. "You said the chap's name was Hillhouse."

"And so it is," smiled the sculptor—"Return Hillhouse Betram." — Lida Ross McCabe, in Detroit Free Press.

WHAT HE MISSED.

Diggs—Old Adam was a lucky man in one respect, anyway.

Biggs—In what respect?

Diggs—Eve never gave him a box of bargain-store cigars for a Christmas present.—Chicago Daily News.

Patriotism.

"Aw, you know, you may celebrate Christmas as best you know how," said the supercilious Englishman, "but you cawn't come up to the old English plum pudding you know."

"Sir," said the patriotic American, with asperity, "our homemade, or still more the bakery-made, mince pies can produce as fine a line of nightmares as any English plum pudding ever boiled."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Flank Movement.

"Mrs. Jinks is as sharp as tacks."

"What has she done lately?"

"She has bought everything she needs, so that her relations can't give her useful Christmas presents."—Chicago Record.

Soon Learn Better.

When young we always think it queer
That Christmas comes but once a year:
But when we pay for Santa Claus,
We see the force of Nature's laws.
—J. J. O'Connell, in Puck.

ONE OF CUBA'S MANY PROBLEMS.

General Greene Must Organize a Police Force at Havana. He Asks Superintendent McCullagh to Aid Him.

—Copyright, 1898

"As soon as we are in possession of Cuba and have pacified the island it will be necessary to give aid and direction to its people to form a government for themselves," said President McKinley in his latest message to congress.

That one sentence hints at many momentous problems. The "aid and direction" it will be necessary to give the Cubans will, eventually, cover everything from the formation of a proper legislative and executive government for the island and its provinces in the sanitation of the cities and villages. There must be a complete regeneration. The reforms cannot be half-way.

The upbuilding of Santiago has begun under a very capable man. Havana comes next. This great city must be supplied with laws and compelled to respect those laws. To this end, Gen. Francis Vinton Greene, who is in military charge of Havana, has asked John McCullagh, superintendent of elections for the Metropolitan district of New York, and former chief of police of New York city, to come to Havana and advise him as to the organization of an efficient police force. McCullagh has been a New York policeman for 28 years. His life work has been enforcing the law and guarding the property of the citizen. He has been a success.

SUPERINTENDENT JOHN M'CULLAGH.

Superintendent McCullagh does not go to do the active work of organizing a police force in Havana. He goes to give Gen. Greene, on whom the burden of organization will rest, the benefit of his experience. It is quite as necessary to police Havana as it is to maintain a military occupancy of the island until such time as the Cubans can govern themselves. And with this necessity comes an opportunity for organizing a police force along proper lines and with proper ideals. There are no politicians—the bane of every police force in this country—to be consulted. There are no questions of party or personal expediency to be met. Simply, the proposition is one of gaining the best possible results with the material at hand.

Many difficulties will present themselves. Laws must be made before they can be enforced. Precedents will not apply. The conditions are unique. It will be hard to suppress gambling, for instance, in a community where every man and nearly every woman is a gambler, where lottery tickets have been sold openly on the street corners with the sanction and encouragement of and for the benefit of the government. It will be hard to suppress bull-fighting and cock fighting where the native considers the right to fight bulls and the right to fight cocks coexistent with the right to breathe. Vice that has been winked at for years will struggle desperately to retain its prestige. There will be dissatisfaction, and maybe mutterings of rebellion. But if the method is wise, the desired end will be attained.

A police force to govern Havana properly must be formed on military, or at least, semimilitary lines. There must be a man in supreme control. He must be a commander in chief, the arbiter, the director in all things. The organization must work through him and he must work through the organization. An esprit du corps must be established and fostered that shall make the organization a vital force through its very belief in itself and its loyalty to its leader. Men must know that merit shall be the sole test for preferment. They must be held secure in their positions. They must be educated to deal with conditions foreign to those presented to any police force in this country and to do their duty without fear or favor.

The policing of Havana is a complex problem, but it is reasonable to suppose that if the men who are chosen to maintain law and order are given a full understanding of what is expected of them, held to strict accountability for every regulation, and protected when they are right, the organization will develop into an overwhelming force for good, stable and equitable municipal government.

Superintendent McCullagh said to the writer before he left for Havana: "It would not be proper for me to detail any plans I may have or the organization of a police force in Havana until I have seen and consulted with Gen. Greene. We are old friends, and shall not be long in coming to an understanding. It must be remembered, though, that I am not at all familiar with the various conditions that prevail there, and I want to make a study of the problem on the ground. I have a very clear idea of what should be done, but it remains to be seen whether my ideas will conform, in their entirety, to the local exigencies. I have long cherished a plan of police organization along military lines that I think would be of vast service in certain cities.

"If we can get proper material at Havana, the opportunity for organizing and maintaining a good police service are exceptional. It must not be forgotten, however, that whatever is to be done must be done gradually, in order that the people may accustom themselves to the new order of things. I do not doubt that, under Gen. Greene's supervision, the city will be adequately protected by a well-organized police force before long."

SAMUEL G. BLYTHE.

Johnson as an Inventor.

It may not be generally known, but it is a fact that John S. Johnson is probably the inventor of the detachable tire. As long ago as 1890 he made a detachable tire and fastened the outer covering to the rim by means of little hooks placed about an inch or two apart. This was when he was working in a repair shop in Grand Rapids, Mich., and before he came out as a world-beater in the record-chasing game. He did not think to have the tire of his make patented, else he might have had a fortune, for the detachable tire has brought riches many times over to those who brought it out.

An Odd Tombstone.

Henry Jacobs, an eccentric citizen of Lincoln, Kan., has erected in memory of his son James, who died in 1891, a white marble tombstone, cut in the shape of a satchel. Young James was of an unsettled disposition and traveled a great deal. The old gentleman's idea was to commemorate the fact in the tombstone.

A CHRISTMAS BELL.

IT WASN'T a very big belfry, but roomy ernough for the bell,
For it swung way out to the breezes when it hed anythin' ter tell,
An' often it seemed ter sing for me, when I pulled ther worn old rope,
A soundin' some holy message that was full uv blessed hope,
An' its tones was sweet an' soft like as a woman's when she tries
To hush the wee ones cuddlin' down, an close their sleepy eyes.
Yes! Tender as some soft lullaby that mother used to sing.
'Twould make er boy uv me again, to hear the ol' bell ring.

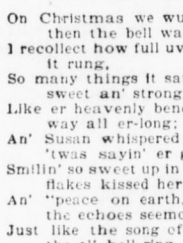
On Christmas we wuz wedded, an' 'twas then the bell was hung.
I recollect how full uv joy it sounded when it rung,
So many things it said to us so clear an' sweet an' strong,
Like er heavenly benediction on our pathway all er-long;
An' Susan whispered soft, "Amen!" ez if 'twas sayin' er grace,
Smilin' so sweet up in my eyes as the snowflakes kissed her face
An' "peace on earth, good will to men," the echoes seemed to bring,
Just like the song of Bethlehem, to hear the ol' bell ring.

The golden cross a-shinin' on the steeple up so high
Was like a holy finger pointin' upward toward the sky;
An' one by one the stars peeped out, a-gleamin' through the night,
Ez though Almighty meant each man to hev er beacon light.
Ther belfry tower seemed hallowed, as a place midway between
The earth below an' heaven above, where angels come unseen;
An' when they whispered to it the secrets that they bring
I pulled ther rope, and what they spoke I heered the ol' bell ring.

An' so through all the passin' years a friend without alloy,
It shared with me my burdens, my sorrows an' my joy;
Almos' a living thing it seemed, a-swingin' to and fro,
With me a-pullin' on the rope an' standin' jest below;
An' such a heap uv comfort then it sounded to me there,
I hed to climb up every night the little windin' stair,
Jest so that I might tech it; and, oh! it seemed to bring
Me purty nigh to Heaven, to hear the ol' bell ring.

—Walter S. Stranahan, in Chicago News.

A WOLF'S CHRISTMAS.



"GOIN' pa'tridge huntin', be ye?" Hiram Hull asked, as he poured four pounds of No. 6 shot from the scoop of the scales into one of the conical packages that our shot used to be done up in by storekeepers before the era of paper bags.

"Well, no, not exactly hunting," I answered with the view to the possible need of excuses for an empty bag. "I'm going over to Bradley's to spend Christmas, and didn't know but I might see a pa'tridge." It would have been "stuck up" to call our best game bird "partridge," and no one would have recognized it under the name of "ruffed grouse."

"You hain't goin' to hoof it over the maountain?" he asked, with the end of the string between his teeth as he wound the package with a frugal allowance of packthread. I nodded an affirmation while I silently admired his thrifty habit of putting the few spilled pellets into the box of unsold shot.

"Wal, then, ye'd better let me put ye up a paound or two o' buckshot."

"No, sir," I said, in a tone expressive of reproof for the suggestion. "I've no use for buckshot this time of year," for the close time for deer began with the month.

"Of course not, but you'd want something bigger'n number sixes if the wolves got after ye," said Hiram, making a persuasive dip into the box of buckshot.

"Wolves," said I, contemptuously; "why, there hain't been a wolf around here for 20 years."

"Wal, there is, naow, a pack o' seven, anyway, an' mebby more. Why, hain't you heard? Amos Barker seen 'em full tilt after a deer an' counted 'em, seven of 'em. His man at was helpin' of him on his coalin' job said there was 13, but Amos reckoned he see double or caounted some of 'em twice, an' there's lots o' folks 'at 's heard 'em. There's wolves ha'ntin' the maountain, you may depend. Better le' me weigh you about a couple o' paound."

"No, I guess it won't pay to carry any extra weight on that chance," I said, admiring the storekeeper's cunning attempt to sell me something I did not want. "But you may put up that small roll and that Jack-in-the-box for me. They're light and they'll tickle Billy's two little shavers. Then put up a half dozen crackers and a bit of cheese for lunch, fill my tobacco box, and let me have an extra pipe, and I'll be off. I want to make the trip by daylight."

"I hope ye will. I ra'ly do. I wouldn't want to have you get ketched in the dark on the maountain. So you're goin' right over to Bradley's, be ye?" he continued, as he shuffled about behind the counter to put up the articles for me, and then began rummaging in a drawer of odds and ends. "Now, I wonder if you wouldn't jest as lives take him a pair o' bullet molds 'at Aaron Clark left here for him, last spring. I guess it was.

Hiram found the molds after a short search, and, slipping them into my pocket with the other articles, I retired to my bachelor quarters over Miss Diantha Gridley's tailor shop, where, after transferring the shot to a spring-top pouch, and filling my flask with better powder than Hiram sold, and exchanging my leather boots for a pair of sheepskin boots tanned with the wool on, which were then the most approved winter footgear, with my double gun on my shoulder to lighten my steps, I set forth on the ten-mile tramp.

Crossing the little river that turned the mills and forge of our village, and following the road as far as it ran in my direction, I held across the fields to the woods, before entering which I set my compass for my intended course.

When the backbone of the mountain was reached and my journey half accomplished, I had but one partridge, but there was a chance of more in the stretch of forest that lay before me, partial glimpses of which I now had through the stunted oaks, and pines that scantily clad the rocky ridge.

The weather was exceedingly mild for the season, a circumstance which proved very fortunate for me, and as I was quite comfortable in the warmth of the low midday sun, I gave my legs a good rest while I ate my lunch and lazily smoked and dreamed in the midst of the quietude.

There was not a sound to be heard above the constant murmur of the pines and the occasional rustle of an unfallen leaf withered, nor was a living thing to be seen but a mite of a winter wren exploring the intricacies of a fallen treetop, and a few flies that were buzzing about the sunny side of a tree trunk.

As I began my way down the mountain a glance at the sun showed me we were likely to part company before my journey was ended. Half a mile further on, in an old charcoal clearing, I flushed a partridge, at which I took a snapshot that knocked a cloud of feathers out of the bird without retarding its flight; but I was sure it was hard hit, and began a diligent search where it had disappeared at the edge of the clearing.

Looking the ground over carefully, step by step, I had gone much further than one who does not know how far a mortally wounded grouse can fly would think it of any use to search, when I heard, far behind me, what I took to be the piteous howl of a lost hound.

I was wishing the poor fellow might find my track and come up to me, when the long-drawn, plaintive wail was repeated at a point so distant from the first that it was evident it could not have been uttered by the same animal, and presently it was taken up at another distant point.

Still groping over the ground in search of the dead bird, I wondered at so many hounds having gone astray

THE LEADERS OF THE PACK WERE BENEATH ME.

that day, when, just as I found my bird lying belly up, stone dead, I also came upon something that gave me a startling enlightenment.

The fallen leaves and the soil were torn and furrowed and stones and patches of moss were overturned, in evidence of a desperate struggle, the result of which was plainly shown by the antlered skull and scattered bones of a deer and a mat of coarse gray hair trodden into the mold.

Hiram's wolves were no harmless creatures of the imagination, but savage realities, and a chill ran down my back as I realized the probability that the pack was now rallying on my trail. I did not doubt that I had heard their voices.

I took my bearings and went forward at my best pace with far less thought of hunting than the fear of being hunted. Thus I went on for half an hour, hearing nothing but the snapping of twigs and swish of branches made by my own rapid progress, till a clamor of jays broke out 40 rods in my rear. As it drew near it was mingled with the rustle and patter of many swift feet. I was near the crest of one of the ledges that ridge crosswise the long westerly incline of the mountainside and, looking backward down the slope, I saw two wolves break through the undergrowth of whortleberry bushes and had glimpses of others behind them.

My next look was for a tree that could be climbed, and I was fortunate in discovering one close at hand a low-branching one of more than two feet in diameter at the base of the trunk, which for ten feet up to the whorls of sturdy green boughs bristled with stubs of dead limbs that made convenient steps.

My gun was of German make, rigged with a sling, which till now I had always thought a useless appurtenance, but in this emergency it proved quite otherwise, when by slinging the gun over my back I got up, easily and quickly. None too quickly, for in two minutes the leaders of the pack were beneath me, and glaring up at me with cruel, hungry eyes, having evidently seen my ascent, for they were not at fault a moment.

Others came till there were seven in all, some circling about the tree, some sitting on their haunches and treading impatiently with their forefeet, like a dog waiting for a choice morsel, and licking their slavering chops; some gnawed at the trunk or made prodigious leaps at the lower branches.

I climbed to a secure and comfortable seat on a limb 20 feet from the ground, and, after getting my breath, and my nerves were a little settled, I tried the effect of a charge of No. 6 on one of the besiegers, as I got a tolerable fair aim at his uplifted muzzle through an opening. There was a yelp of surprise and pain, followed by a general commotion among the crew, and when the smoke had lifted above me I caught glimpses of the stung brute clawing his head with alternate forepaws.

I fired several times as opportunity offered, but desisted when it became evident that instead of driving off my assailants the sting of the small shot made them the more savagely persistent. I tried slugging the shot in a cartridge made of a bit of the lining of my coat, but it amounted to nothing. Bewailing the incredulity which had made me refuse the buckshot, I was at my wit's end how to raise the siege.

Perhaps my supply of provisions would last till the enemy was starved out, if the weather did not turn cold and freeze me on my roost, which was a prospect less agreeable than that of subsisting on raw partridge flesh.

Then it occurred to me to climb to the top and see if there was any chance of making alarm shots heard down in the settlements. Slinging my gun I began the ascent. But ten feet further up the pine came to an end, for there the whole top was broken off just above a whorl of stout branches onto which I climbed, but could get no outlook through the tree tops.

I filled and lighted my pipe, and, chancing to throw the unextinguished match onto the stub, which was broken about square across, and was at least a foot in diameter, it ignited a handful of dry pine needles that alighted there. The flame lasted but a moment, yet long enough to suggest the idea that fire enough might be built here to roast small bits of the partridge, and close upon this followed another, which gave me hope of deliverance.

There was the bullet mold in my pocket, and if I could but manage to turn my paltry shot into a dozen good solid balls I would soon rid myself of the wolves. As I was refilling my pipe with a view of stimulating invention my tobacco box gave me a clew to a solution of the problem. It was an old-fashioned steel box with a hinged cover and square corners that would serve as a spout to pour melted lead from.

I transferred the tobacco to a pocket, made a cut of a small green limb firmly on to the open cover for a handle, and had what promised to be a serviceable smelting ladle. Then, reaching out, I gathered some dry twigs and bits of branches, and I soon had a small fire burning in the center of the stub. When it was well going I held the improvised ladle, with a couple ounces of shot in it, over the hottest place, and, after some patient waiting, had the satisfaction of seeing the separate pellets become a little puddle of molten lead. I managed to pour most of it into the mold and got three good bullets at the first smelting, but lost one, which fell to the ground.

Better luck attended three more successive trials, which gave me 13 bullets, making 15 in all, which I thought might answer my purpose, and I whipped out the fire with a green branch.

It was now near sundown, so there was no time to be lost if I was to get away by daylight.

The bullets were much too small for the bore of my gun, therefore I put two in each barrel, with a light charge of shot, and descended to the lower branch, where I seated myself upon the one where I could get the clearest view of the ground.

The wolves greeted my reappearance with a chorus of savage yelps as they gathered eagerly beneath me, snapping and snarling, each struggling for the nearest place that he might be first at the expected feast. One grizzled old fellow, the patriarch of the tribe, who had curled himself up in the fallen treetop, to bide my downfall, now had his philosophical patience overcome and limped forth from his lair, sneaking around the outskirts of the crowd with his hungry eyes constantly upon me. The largest and strongest of the pack kept the position directly under me, now springing upward more than his length, then tumbling back upon his mates that crowded beneath him, now standing upright on his hinder feet and pawing the air and snapping his fanged jaws viciously. While he was in this posture I fired one barrel straight into his mouth.

The recoil almost unseated me, but I recovered myself with no greater mishap than losing the toys out of my pocket. The big wolf made no motion but to sink in a lifeless heap with the back of his head blown out. The others scattered a little, but presently returned, sniffing at their dead comrade and lapping his blood. Poor Dolly got a cruel bite from one that spoiled her beauty forever. Another nosing jack-in-the-box unhooked the lid, whereupon the little imp filliped his snout, and I could not help laughing at the fright it gave the great cowardly brute.

I fired the second barrel at the old grandfather as he warily skulked past, beyond the others, and the charge broke his back. He writhed about, biting the wound a moment, and then, dragging his paralyzed hinder parts, crawled out of sight. The others were getting somewhat shy, but plucked up courage during the cessation of hostilities, while I reloaded, and then came close under me again.

A third shot killed one nearly outright, and the fourth broke the shoulder of another as he ran. He retreated to a safe distance and amused himself with his wound, while the unhurt survivors stood off, now regarding curiously their dead and wounded companions, now me, with growing respect, and evidently doubting whether it was worth their while to continue any longer in my neighborhood.

When my gun was reloaded I settled the question for them with two shots. The first one bore such a hole in the belly of one that his entrails dragged upon the ground, and the second stung another so sharply that he stood not on the order of his going, but made off in all speed in company with his unscathed comrade, while the fellow with the broken shoulder hobbled after them, and the other poor wretch tried to follow them, turning now and again to bite his own entrails, entangling his feet and catching on stubs and stones.

Evening was already deepening the forest shadows, and I had little time to spare in mercy to the merciless brute, but when I got to the ground I hastily loaded my gun and finished him with a shot in the head.

Then, picking up the toys and taking my course by the compass and the evening star, I held forward at such speed as the rough and darkening way would permit. Fortunately, the almost full moon was well up in the clear sky, and I had little difficulty in finding my way down the mountain and reached Bradley's before their early bedtime.

Little Molly Bradley prized the doll all the more for the scars which proved her hairbreadth escape, and her brother looked upon the jack-in-the-box that had scared a wolf as a hero as doughty as Jack the Giant Killer.

Their father seemed to doubt my story till I led him to the scene of my adventure the next morning, and showed him the four wolves, for we found the broken-backed patriarch after a short search.

When we returned with the pelts the Christmas dinner was ready for us, no mean part of it being the partridges, much more nicely cooked by Mrs. Bradley than I could have done it on the tree stump had I been obliged to.

When I went home the next day there was a full pouch of buckshot in my pocket, but I found no use for it.—Rowland Robinson, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

CHRISTMAS CATECHISM.

Do you see the boy?
I see the boy.
Do you see the boy's glad smile?
I see the boy's glad smile.
Why does the boy seem so happy?
The boy has just made out a list of what he wants Santa Claus to bring him and given it to papa.
Can you pick out the boy's papa?
You bet I can.
How can you pick him out?
By his sad and sorrowful face.—Chicago Post.

LIKES MARRIED LIFE

Matrimony Has Not Proved a Failure for Mrs. Smith.

Missouri Woman, Though Only Fifty-Five Years Old, Has Had Seven Husbands—Satisfied with Her Ventures.

Mrs. B. D. Smith, of Humansville, Mo., asserts that marriage is not a failure. She ought to know, as she has been married seven times. Despite her 55 years Mrs. Smith is still youthful and handsome. She has lately married again, and the newly wedded couple are living in a little cottage owned by Mrs. Smith's aged mother.

"I have often thought," said Mrs. Smith to a Chicago Inter Ocean reporter, "that I could forever set at rest that old, old problem: 'Is marriage a failure?' I would most positively assert that it is not a failure. I have had seven husbands and buried five of them. One ran away with another woman, the other, Brother Smith, will be at home in a moment; he is out attending to the cow now.

"Tell you something about my life? Well, there is not much to tell, but I'll try it. I am a little confused about dates. You see, I had so many husbands and so many things happened that I can hardly be very exact.

"I have known Brother Smith—you see, I call him brother from force of habit—all my life. He was and is my pastor. How long was he engaged to me? Why, bless your soul, one day. We knew each other all our life—all my life, I mean. He came over to see me Sunday night and we talked it up. We were married on Tuesday.

"My seven husbands were all engaged but a short time, and I now have—let me see—16 or 18 stepchildren. And they all love me. Whenever they are married I give them a wedding dinner and set them up in housekeeping. There are three sets of them, too. They come to see me, and whenever my husbands die they always offer me a home.

"I knew my first husband, Mr. Vice, a year. Mr. Milligan six months. Mr.

"YOU'RE FIVE MINUTES LATE."

De Priest I knew 18 months, but we were engaged only three weeks. Mr. Crozier I knew four years and was engaged to him but two months. Mr. Dougherty I knew a week.

"Neff I knew nine months, but we sparked only three months. We lived together only six months.

"Yes, I have had a good many offers, but I always know what I'm doing, and when I make up my mind, I don't believe in delay. I just go ahead and get the thing over with. You see, Neff turned out bad, but it wasn't my fault. I made him a good wife."

Mrs. Smith was born in Caldwell county, Miss., November 12, 1843, and raised in Harrison county. At the age of 15 years she married George H. Vice, December 25, 1858. They lived together five years, when he was killed while on picket guard as the first sergeant of troop M, First Arkansas cavalry. They had one child, now Mrs. Sam White, also living with her second husband, and who has several children—two of them married.

In less than a year, on October 10, 1864, she married William De Priest. They had two children, both boys, Allen and Albert, and after six years of married life De Priest died of spinal trouble.

Her next husband was Francis Milligan, and she married him January 13, 1870. They had two children, a boy and a girl, both living. Milligan died of typhoid fever October 27, 1883.

She became Mrs. James Neff April 3, 1886, and, as told, her husband disappeared six months later. She secured a divorce in 1887 at Bolivar, Mo., and the same day married Jacob Crozier.

A peculiar fact about her marriage to Neff was that she was at the same time engaged to marry a man named Doyle, who lives near Humansville. She set the day, April 3, and made up her mind to marry whoever came first. Neff was the lucky man, and just as the minister, her present husband, pronounced them man and wife Doyle rushed up, breathless, with the license in his hand. Neff laughed aloud, and the new Mrs. Neff smiled as she said:

"You're just five minutes too late."

She has been sorry ever since she didn't take Doyle. He is living in St. Clair county, Mo., now, is wealthy and has got over his disappointment.

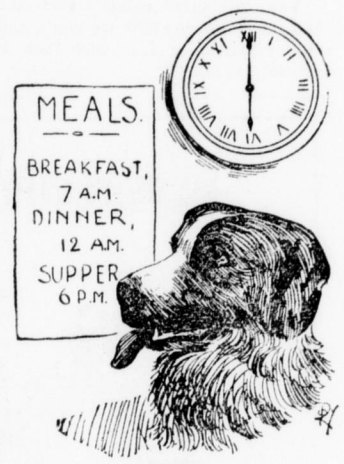
Statistics About Judges.

Massachusetts is the only state in the union in which the judges are appointed to hold their office during good behavior. There are seven states in which the judges are appointed by the governor, by and with the advice and consent of the senate or of the council, five in which they are elected by the legislature, and 33 in which they are elected by the people.

WISE BROOKLYN DOG.

Jack Knows the Time of Day and Hustles for His Meals Systematically and Cleverly.

Jack of Cummings' mill is described as a remarkable dog. Cummings' mill is in eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, and Jack was born there while the saws were buzzing and the big wheels were revolving. He is half mastiff, half water spaniel, and is a very handsome animal. His extraordinary intelligence is displayed in many ways, but its greatest development is manifested in the procuring of three square meals per diem for Jack, except on Sunday, when he is content with two. As Jack



JACK.

is only 14 months old, great things are expected of him in future. He is of no expense whatever to Mr. Cummings, the mill owner. He hustles for himself and does it systematically and successfully. The moment the mill engine begins to whistle at seven o'clock in the morning Jack gets up, gives himself a shake, emits one short yelp and trots off to the house of Mrs. Moss, who lives three or four doors from the mill. Arrived there, he seats himself and gazes earnestly at the gate as if awaiting a coming event. He is seldom disappointed, for usually in less than a minute Mrs. Moses emerges from the rear of the house with a basket of bones which are soon cracking between Jack's splendid white teeth.

At noon the whistle sounds once more and this time Jack hies him to the house of Mr. Burger, an old grand army man, but he does not stop outside the gate. He enters and scratches at the back door until duly served with his noontide meal. At six o'clock he sallies forth for the third time and descends to the cellar of Mrs. Norton's house, three blocks away, where he finds a plate of good things prepared for him.

And now comes the most extraordinary phase of Jack's intellectual character. The mill whistle does not blow on Sunday, and yet at just after seven, as usual, he is in front of Mrs. Moss' gate with the usual expectancy in his eye. Only on Sunday, so it is solemnly declared, he never yelps.

And, again, as it is the war veteran's custom to take only two meals on Sunday, breakfast and a six o'clock dinner, Jack never gives him a call on that day, but is on time at Mrs. Norton's at five o'clock, when she partakes of her Sunday evening meal, her week day dinner being at six p. m.

Now, as Jack does not carry a watch, the question naturally arises, how does he know the time, even to the minute? Of course he is aware it is Sunday, seeing that the whistle doesn't blow, also that on the Sabbath Mr. Burger has no meal at noon while Mrs. Norton's dinner is at five instead of six o'clock, but how does he know that it is five o'clock?

ROSES AS WEAPONS.

First Drugged His Victims and Then Robbed Them of Their Money and Valuables.

A man and his two sisters were recently made the victims of a thief whose weapons were only roses.

They were seated in a railway car traveling through Germany when at one of the stops an elegantly dressed,

THE POLITE STRANGER.

thickly veiled woman entered the carriage, carrying a superb bouquet of roses.

When the train started the stranger dropped her roses. He picked them up for her, and, thanking him charmingly, she asked him to keep one. Then, turning to his companions, she graciously offered each of them a few of the flowers.

Naturally the courtesy was accepted, and the next thing of which the travelers were conscious was that the train had arrived at Berlin; that their veiled companion had disappeared and that all of their money and valuables had gone with her.

Of course, the roses had been drugged.

The police have discovered that the criminal is a young man, and that he has conducted a number of daring robberies in similar fashion.

One must admit that it is the refinement of robbery, and, if one must be robbed at all, the rose method is preferable to sandbagging or garroting.

a New York train go by, and there wasn't another within an hour and a half.

This meant that we should not reach New York before 3 o'clock, and we should have the pangs of hunger added to our other woes. Perhaps it was this prospect or it may have been the mutual folly of letting that train get away which told upon our tempers. Certainly our discussion became acrimonious.

"Jane," said I at last, "we mustn't quarrel again. There's no use in it now. People who are no longer anything to each other have nothing to gain by quarreling. It isn't as if we were engaged and had our freedom at stake."

"You are quite right," said she, "and since it seems that we can't talk without quarreling I suggest that we don't talk at all."

"Isn't there some place where we can go?" she exclaimed, and her glance swept the desolate landscape.

"Here's a coachload of people from Princeton, and they'll know all about us in two minutes."

"Our train isn't due for an hour," said I. "Princeton is the only refuge I can see. There are some carriages waiting for the train from New York that's due here pretty soon."

"Let us take one of those carriages and drive anywhere," said she. "I am too nervous to be stared at. They know we have quarreled, and they think we're making up. How dreadful!"

"And how unjust!" I retorted. "Nothing could be further from our minds. But I agree with your view. I am as uncomfortable, mentally, as you can possibly be. Moreover, we'll freeze

MRS. GRAY WAS HOLDING IT UP TO THE LIGHT.

to death on this platform, and we positively can't go back into that waiting room."

"I should think not," said she; "there are women there now."

"Suppose you go to the Grays'," said I, "and I'll put up incog. at the inn."

"Anything," she cried, "only let us get out of here."

We engaged a light two seated wagon with a fairly good horse between the shafts, and presently we were making good time over the road to Princeton. Meanwhile we conversed in whispers behind the driver's back.

That confidential method of conversation is conducive to a good understanding between a man and a woman.

Sitting close together and speaking into each other's ears, we found it easy to be amicable. And we came to an agreement which neither of us would have deemed possible at any other stage of the day's adventures. It was that we should both go to the party, that we should show to all those people the possibility of friendship following love, and that we should pursue the same course thereafter as long as we lived.

Our advent was hailed with loud acclaim. Few people present knew that we had been estranged, and those who did naturally supposed that we had made it up.

I tasted once more the joy of being envied by men who coveted Jane and viewed with interest by women who didn't covet me, but were led into thinking so for the moment by the fact that I belonged to somebody else.

The lover's part was so agreeable that I began to play it with a fine assumption of sincerity, and it seemed to me that Jane liked my acting almost as well as she had ever liked the reality.

Mrs. Gray was entirely deceived, and in the evening, finding us together in one of those romantic nooks of which there are so many in the great old house, she congratulated us upon our reconciliation.

The moment was full of embarrassment. I don't know what we should have said to her, but she relieved the situation by asking how we happened to miss her carriage at the station and to arrive at such an hour. Strangely enough, we had escaped that very natural inquiry up to that time.

"Jane lost her locket in the accident, and we went back to hunt for it," said I with ready mendacity.

"Oh, yes," said she, "I remember that locket. I hope you found it."

For answer Jane displayed the keepsake. Mrs. Gray took it out of her hand, and, to our surprise, immediately pressed the secret spring.

I saw Jane flush and make a queer, spasmodic effort to regain the locket. But Mrs. Gray was holding it up to the light and out of Jane's reach.

"'Gerald to Jane,'" she read, "'Christmas, 1896, and always.' Very pretty, I'm sure."

And she returned the locket with a most beneficent smile and left us to ourselves.

"'And always,'" I whispered. "Jane, did you mean those words?"

"I did when I had them engraved there," said she.

"And now"—

"I mean them more than ever," she answered simply.

I have said that we were in a retired spot, but I think it would have made no difference if a searchlight had been on us and the whole world spectators.

It was probably an hour afterward—but I had an impression that it was about three minutes—when Mrs. Gray sent a discreet servant to inform us that we were in danger of missing the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the Christmas tree.

Of course two people with so much on their minds can't sit side by side in perfect silence. It didn't take us five minutes to find this out, and everything we said made matters worse. So presently Jane went over to the other side of the room and pretended to be interested in a time table, while I sat on a bench and read an old letter—the very last resort of the human mind when it must have something to do.

We had the room to ourselves during this latter period, but finally several railroad employees came in. They had walked down from the scene of the wreck. One of them had evidently found some article lost by one of the passengers at the time of the accident, and all were examining it as they stood by the stove in the middle of the room. I was watching Jane out of the corner of my eye, and I saw her start violently and clutch her gown over the region of the heart. She is not given to theatrical gestures for their own sake, and I knew that something must be amiss.

Immediately I saw her walk rapidly toward the group by the stove.

"Will you let me see the locket that you found?" said she.

That was the first intimation I had had as to the nature of the article, but when one of the men held it out toward Jane I at once recognized it as my gift to her.

"This is mine," she said.

The finder was somewhat disinclined to surrender his prize, but Jane identified it fully, describing its interior and showing the carefully concealed spring by which it was opened.

I overheard her say that they would find the words, "Gerald to Jane," and dates below. She distinctly said "dates," and she glanced maliciously at me.

So she had filled out the line. How long, I wondered, had she waited before recording love's death? Not long surely, for it was a matter of a few weeks altogether.

When she had received the locket and suitably rewarded the finder, I observed that he began to regard me with considerable attention.

Then he nudged his neighbor and whispered something. Soon they were all staring at me. Obviously my portrait had been recognized.

"Curious," I heard one of the men say, "they don't seem to know each other."

My nerves were not in condition to stand that sort of thing, and I fled from the room. A raw wind was sweeping the platform, but I preferred it to the conditions within.

In about a minute Jane came out rather hurriedly. She walked straight up to me.

"I simply can't stand this," she said. "They are making fun of us."

"Why shouldn't they?" I asked. "We're funny enough, but I agree with you that it's unbearable. See them looking out of the window."

Santa Claus Was In It.

"Those Americans down there," said Santa Claus, as he sat on the lee side of an iceberg and waited for Christmas eve, "seem to think I'm not up to date. Now I wonder," he murmured as he went in and rang up his polar stables, "what they'd think if they saw me at it just at present?" Then he pressed a button in the side of the iceberg and said: "Grizzly, run out that new deerless motor sleigh of mine, while I load her up. And look here, Grizzly, the next time you take out that new electric airship of mine and break it just when I want to use it, I won't let you play in that toy orchard of mine for a whole year!

"Up to date, eh!" said Santa as he jumped into his motor and pulled on the robes. "Well, just watch me while I mote!"

Christmas Postal Don'ts.

Don't fail to put your own name and address on every piece of mail, preceded by the word "From."

Don't mail a parcel without previously weighing it to ascertain the proper amount of postage.

Don't wrap a parcel with such material or in such manner that the wrapper may become torn and separated from the contents.

Don't seal or wrap parcels in such manner that their contents may not be easily examined.

Don't mail parcels to foreign countries without special inquiry concerning the regulations governing foreign addressed mail matter.

Don't attempt to send merchandise to foreign countries other than Canada and Mexico in execution of an order or as a gift unless the postage is prepaid at 5 cents per half ounce.

Don't attempt to send merchandise to foreign countries by "parcels post" unless your postmaster be consulted concerning the country addressed and the manner of mailing matter thereto.

Don't fail to give the full address, street and number, town, city and country of destination.

Don't send sealed packages to Mexico and Canada.

Don't mail jewelry to foreign countries.

Don't place handkerchiefs, neckerchiefs or other merchandise in packages of printed matter.

Don't use tags or labels, as they become separated from packages.

Don't seal up packages containing photographs, pictures, Christmas cards, New Year's cards and mark them "Photo Only," "Printed Matter" or "Parcels Post."

Don't mail packages on the street letter boxes, or they may never reach the postoffice.

Don't fail to see that the postage stamps are firmly affixed to your packages.—Philadelphia Times.

The Glastonbury Thorn.

At Glastonbury abbey, in Somersetshire, England, once stood a thorn tree which, it is said, bloomed every Christmas morning. The first authentic account of it ever written was in 1772 by a visitor who tells of it in the account of his visit to the abbey.

The keeper assured him that St. Joseph of Arimathea landed not far from the town, at a place where there was formerly an oak that had been planted to his memory; that he and his companions marched to a hill and rested themselves, and that Joseph stuck his staff in the ground. Now, this staff was a common dry hawthorn stick, but it grew and first came into full flower on Christmas day. Afterward the tree, which has thus grown and budded like Aaron's rod, always bloomed on the day of our Lord's nativity and upon no other day, the flower, like those of the night blooming cereus, lasting but a few hours.

Many queer stories have been told of the "miraculous thorn of Glastonbury." It was said that if the chips from it were planted they would sprout and grow like potatoes; that the leaves cured all inflammations, swellings, etc., and that "rods" cut from it would never leave marks on the children corrected by their use.

"Educated, by Jove!"

At a leading New England college some years ago when the commencement exercises were over and the diplomas had been distributed, says D. S. Sanford in The Atlantic, a member of the graduating class, who had been more distinguished by conviviality than studiousness, and who had barely escaped losing his degree, appeared upon the campus and, waving the much prized parchment over his head, shouted gleefully: "Educated, by Jove! Educated!"

The idea expressed by the rollicking student, more in jest than in earnest, illustrates a notion of education which dies hard. The popular prejudice that culture is something extracted from books, picked up in a lecture hall or a laboratory or seized during the fleeting years of one's school or college life is so prevalent that it becomes the obvious duty of the school to press home to the consciousness of every person the conviction that an obligation rests upon him to undertake a course of education lasting throughout his life.

Business Cards.

B. W. GREEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Emporium, Pa.
A business relating to estate, collections, real estates, Orphan's Court and general law business will receive prompt attention. 42-1y.

J. C. JOHNSON. J. P. MCNARNEY
JOHNSON & MCNARNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
EMPORIUM, PA.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them. 16-1y.

MICHAEL BRENNAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Collections promptly attended to. Real estate and pension claim agent,
35-1y. Emporium, Pa.

F. D. LEET.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Emporium, Pa.
TO LAND OWNERS AND OTHERS IN CAMERON AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.
I have numerous calls for hemlock and hardwood timber lands, also stumpage &c., and parties desiring either to buy or sell will do well to call on me. F. D. LEET.

CITY HOTEL,
WM. MCGEE, PROPRIETOR
Emporium, Pa.
Having again taken possession of this old and popular house I solicit a share of the public patronage. The house is newly furnished and is one of the best appointed hotels in Cameron county.
30-1y.

THE NOVELTY RESTAURANT,
(Opposite Post Office,)
Emporium, Pa.
WILLIAM MCDONALD, Proprietor.
I take pleasure in informing the public that I have purchased the old and popular Novelty Restaurant, located on Fourth street. It will be my endeavor to serve the public in a manner that shall meet with their approbation. Give me a call. Meals and luncheon served at all hours.
no27-1yr Wm. McDONALD.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,
THOS. J. LYSETT, PROPRIETOR,
Near Buffalo Depot, Emporium, Pa.
This new and commodious hotel is now opened for the accommodation of the public. New in all its appointments, every attention will be paid to the guests patronizing this hotel. 27-17-1y

MAY GOULD,
TEACHER OF
PIANO, HARMONY AND THEORY,
Emporium, Pa.
Scholars taught either at my home on Sixth street or at the homes of the pupils. Out of town scholars will be given dates at my rooms in this place.

F. C. RIECK, D. D. S.,
DENTIST.
Office over Taggart's Drug Store, Emporium, Pa.
Gas and other local anaesthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth.
SPECIALTY:—Preservation of natural teeth, including Crown and Bridge Work.
I will visit Driftwood the first Tuesday, and Sinnemahoning the third Wednesday of each month.

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Next to Bank, Emporium, Pa.

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SAW MILL
and
Ajax Center Crank Engine
Rapid, accurate, strong and simple, with large capacity. Engines on sills or wheels. Strong and safe. No Farquhar Boiler has ever exploded. Also standard agricultural implements generally. Hay Presses a specialty. Send for Catalogue and prices to
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KANE STEAM LAUNDRY!
KANE, PA.,
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For the man who looks immaculate in his cleanliness, and arrays himself in spick and span linen, laundered and rendered faultless in its beauty by our perfect methods of laundry work. For holiday festivities be prepared with the exquisite laundry work on your shirts, collars and cuffs that has made us deservedly famous.

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MERCHANT TAILORS.
Leave your orders now for clothing for the Holidays. Our inducements this winter to our customers are away ahead of all former prices. We have the largest and best line of goods to select from.
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EASY CHAIRS, WINDOW CURTAINS,
SIDEBOARDS, HAT RACKS,
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EASELS. Etc..Etc

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it is to recline at ease on one of our superb couches. Slumber comes unsought under such delightful conditions. Pieces of furniture like these are as pleasant to look on as they are to lie on and this fact makes them an irresistable temptation to repose. Our entire stock is packed full of temptations for that matter, temptations in parlor and bedroom suits and in every kind of furniture, and unprecedented temptations in prices. Some people are always quoting from somebody, but our favorite quotations are figures like these: Couches, $5, $6, $8, and $10.

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